

CLARENDON READERS
IN
LITERATURE
& SCIENCE

EDITED BY
J. C. SMITH

BOOK II

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS

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P R E F A C E

Good judges have more than once complained to me of the small progress that pupils seem to make in English between twelve and fifteen. Some of them roundly assert that such progress as is made in these years is merely quantitative; that at the end of them the pupils write more but write no better, have read more but know no deeper. These critics exaggerate; but they exaggerate a truth.

How far this state of things is due to the general decay of Biblical and Classical studies I cannot here inquire. This series seeks to deal with another and a remediable cause—the premature abandonment of the Class Reader. In the Preparatory School the Reader supplies a solid core to the instruction in English: thereafter it is now the fashion to put it aside and trust wholly to continuous reading. That plan no doubt makes reading more pleasurable, and gives many pupils a liking for it. And this is much. But the increase in pleasure is not accompanied by a corresponding increase in power. The pupils are apt to be satisfied with vague general impressions; they do not learn to grapple with English at close quarters and wring the full meaning out of it. English is not an easy language. Of course, there is plenty of easy reading in English for those who are content to saunter on its lower slopes. But to reach its peaks we must climb.

Moreover, 'continuous reading' generally means imaginative literature, *i.e.* verse or prose fiction: if other

forms are admitted they are admitted primarily on grounds of style. Now there are many boys, and some girls, who do not greatly care for imaginative literature, and yet are not only clever about *things* but will read eagerly about their hobbies and even master a formidable technical vocabulary in pursuit of them. It is a stingy and pedantic provision of literature that will not cater for the appetite for facts. It would be equally pedantic, of course, to exclude imaginative literature altogether from a series like this, and I have not done so, but I have chosen to represent it mainly by those world-famous stories which have entered, as it were, into the very tissues of European Literature—stories like the Tale of Troy and the Arthurian Legends. Modern fiction will take care of itself, and for lyric poetry there are many good anthologies.

Finally, even in the earlier teens, new vistas begin to open out. boys and girls begin to reflect, to be interested in questions of conduct and the inner life, to ask 'what it is all about'. I have not hesitated to include some extracts that bear on these things.

Such is the purpose of this series, and such have been the principles of selection. The arrangement of matter in the several books explains itself. I have added brief notes where notes seemed indispensable, and I have glossed foreign or archaic words, but for current English words the dictionary should be used. One of the chief things that pupils have to learn at this age is how to use a dictionary.

I desire to thank the many friends who have helped me, and in particular, Mr J R Cameron, Mr J T Ewen, Mr C E L Hammond, and Mr C F A Pantin.

J C SMITH

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I

BEOWULF

THE Tale of Troy and the story of Odysseus both come from Greece. Doubtless other Western races had similar myths and legends of their own, but they have mostly perished for lack of a Homer. Our own forefathers, the Angles and Saxons, must have brought a store of legends with them from the Continent; but before they had set these down in writing they became Christians, and after that the monks discouraged such heathen fables. 'What has Ingeld to do with Christ?' they said. Hence it comes that from the English Heroic Age, which lasted from the fifth to the seventh century of our era, only one story has come down to us intact, and that a second-rate one. The poem of 'Beowulf' was written in England, but its substance came from beyond the North Sea. There is not a word about England in it. The hero is a Swede, and the scene is laid wholly in Denmark or in Southern Sweden. Here is the tale in brief:

Once upon a time the King of the Spear-Danes built him a great mead-hall, where he feasted daily with his thanes. But their mirth was sorely marred by the fen-ogre Grendel, who every night invaded the hall, and carried off a thane to devour in the fens. At length the champion Beowulf came over the sea from Sweden, and offered himself to do battle with Grendel. That night, as usual, Grendel appeared; but Beowulf grappled him,

THE FUNERAL OF BEOWULF

and tore his arm from the socket, so that the ogre fled away bleeding, to die in his lair among the marshes. Next night his mother, the mere-wife, an ogress more frightful than Grendel himself, attacked the hall in revenge for her son. But her too Beowulf discomfited, and, diving after her to the bottom of the mere, he slew her there after a fierce struggle. Then, laden with gifts from the grateful Danes, he returned to his own land, where presently he was chosen King, and ruled long and wisely. When he was now an old man, a fire-drake, whose gold hoard had been pilfered, ravaged the land, and Beowulf armed for his last battle. At sight of the fire-drake all his thines fled but one, but Beowulf advanced undaunted, and slew the dragon, then died of his envenomed wounds.

'Beowulf' is no *Iliad*—in substance it is only a Jack-the-Giant-Killer tale. Yet the poem has noble passages, none nobler than that which tells how the old, childless King went out to do battle for his people, well knowing that he went to his doom. The style too, as Mr Crawford says, 'is everywhere grave and noble.' And, in fine, it is an English legend, the only one that we have from the English Heroic Age.

THE FUNERAL OF BEOWULF

Then the Gēat people prepared for the prince
A funeral pyre firm-set upon earth,
Hung about with helmets, bucklers of battle,
And byrnies bright, as he had besought them,
And the heroes lamenting laid in the midst
The glorious chief, the lord they loved

byrnies] mail coats

at the mount, then, the warriors 'gan to waken
the mightiest of bale-fires ; the wood-smoke ascended
back above the blaze, the roaring flame,
surrounded with weeping—the wild winds were laid—
all it had broken the bony frame,
not to the core. With joyless hearts
they bemoaned their misery, their lord's decease ;
the aged widow, too, with tresses bound,
broken with sorrow, sang for Beowulf
a doleful dirge and at times declared
that she strongly dreaded the days of evil,
manifold slaughter, the terror of the warrior,
abasement and bondage. Heaven swallowed the smoke.
Men of the Weders made thereafter
A barrow on the sea-cliff, high and broad,
To be seen afar by travellers o'er the wave ;
And in the space of ten days they timbered
The beacon of the brave ; the remnant of the burning
They girt with a wall, even as most worthily
Men of great wisdom had skill to devise it.
They placed in the barrow circlets and sun-jewels,
Ornaments such as the warrior men
Out of the hoard had taken aforetime ;
The treasure of earls they let earth keep,
The gold in ground, where still it liveth,
As profitless to men as it was erewhile.
Then round the barrow rode the daring in battle,
Sons of nobles, twelve of their number,
Fain to wail their loss, to lament for their king,
To utter a dirge and speak of their hero ;
They praised his prowess, and his mighty work
Doughtily extolled, as it is seemly
That a man should speak praise of his friend and lord

THE NORSE LEGENDS

And cherish him at heart when forth he must
From the vesture of flesh be led elsewhither
Thus the Géat folk, his hearth companions,
Made sad moan for the fall of their lord,
Saying that he was a world-king
Mildest of men and passing gracious,
To his folk most gentle, and eager for glory

‘BEOWULF,’ 3137 3183, *tr* D. H. CRAWFORD

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THE NORSE LEGENDS

(1) *The Norse Gods*

THE Heroic Age lasted longer in Scandinavia than in Britain. So late as the ninth century there was no king in Norway, but every glen or group of glens was ruled by its own independent jarl. In the year 860 a boy called Harald the Fair-haired succeeded to one of these little earldoms. Some ten years later, being come to manhood, he fell in love with the blue-eyed Grida, daughter of a neighbouring jarl. But Grida scorned his suit. ‘No petty earl for me!’ she said. ‘The man that I wed must be King of all Norway.’ Harald vowed never to shear his fair hair till he had laid the crown of Norway at Grida’s feet. And he accomplished his vow. He attacked his neighbour jarls one by one, some he overcame by force, some, as he grew stronger, submitted to him on terms, till at last, by force or fear, he made himself King of all Norway. But certain jarls, too weak to resist him yet too proud to become his vassals, gathered their kinsmen and retainers together and emigrated to Iceland. There they established an independent republic, and lived for centuries in isolation.

in the rest of the Scandinavian world. These settlers are the flower of Norway, all of them free and many of them nobly born. In the long winter nights, when they could not work on the land, nor fish, nor go on racy, they beguiled the time by re-telling and embroidering the old myths and legends which they had brought with them from their Norwegian homes. In time these stories were written down in two collections called the Younger or Prose Edda and the Elder or Verse Edda. The Prose Edda was actually written first, near the beginning of the thirteenth century; but the matter of the Verse Edda is far more primitive, whence it is called the Elder Edda.

The Norse legends have a peculiar interest for us. Many of us have Norse blood in our veins; and the Angles and Saxons, from whom the rest of us are mostly descended, though they were not Norsemen, were near akin to the Norsemen, and worshipped the same gods. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday preserve for us, in Saxon forms, the names of the Norse gods Ty, Odin, Thor and Frigga.

The Norse tales have some things in common with the Greek, but the spirit of the two mythologies is strangely different. The Greek myths come from the sunny shores of the Aegean, where 'the blue sky bends over all.' The Norse myths enshrine the primitive thoughts and feelings of a race whose life was a hard warfare against the elemental forces of Nature, whose narrow pastures were overhung by glaciers and fields of everlasting snow, whose seafaring was on a cold and misty ocean ever threatened by floe and iceberg, and who saw in the flames of Hekla and Skapta Jokul glimpses of the eternal fire that will one day consume

the world. And this is the account of the world that they gave to themselves, as we learn it from the Eddas.

In the beginning were Nifelheim and Muspelheim, the homes of frost and fire, and between them a Yawning Gap. From the mingling of fire and frost came dew, which dropping into the chasm formed a giant Ymir, and a cow Aedhumla. The giant lived on the milk of the cow, the cow lived by licking the salt rocks. One day she licked out of the rocks the golden-haired Bure, who begat Bore, who begat the Aesir, the Gods, namely Odin and his brethren, but Ymir begat the brood of Giants. When the Gods were come to their strength they slew Ymir, and threw his body into the abyss. Of his flesh they made the earth, the sea was formed from his blood, the mountains from his bones, and with his eyebrows they fenced Middle-Earth about against the attacks of the Giants. Then Odin took sparks from Muspelheim, and fashioned them into Sun, Moon and Stars, and he set two wolves to chase the Sun and the Moon across the heavens, that they might never rest day nor night. On a hill in the midst of fair Middle-Earth the Aesir built themselves a shining city, and called it Asgard, the Garth of the Gods. As yet there were no men on Middle-Earth, but one day the Gods found two tree-trunks on the shore, an ash and an elder, and carved them into the likeness of a man and a woman. They gave them mind, and motion, and five wits; and they called the man Aske and the woman Embla, from whom sprang the generations of mankind. Such was the creation of the world. And this was the fashion of it¹:

It was round, like the face of a shield, with Asgard for the boss. Round Asgard lay Middle-Earth, and

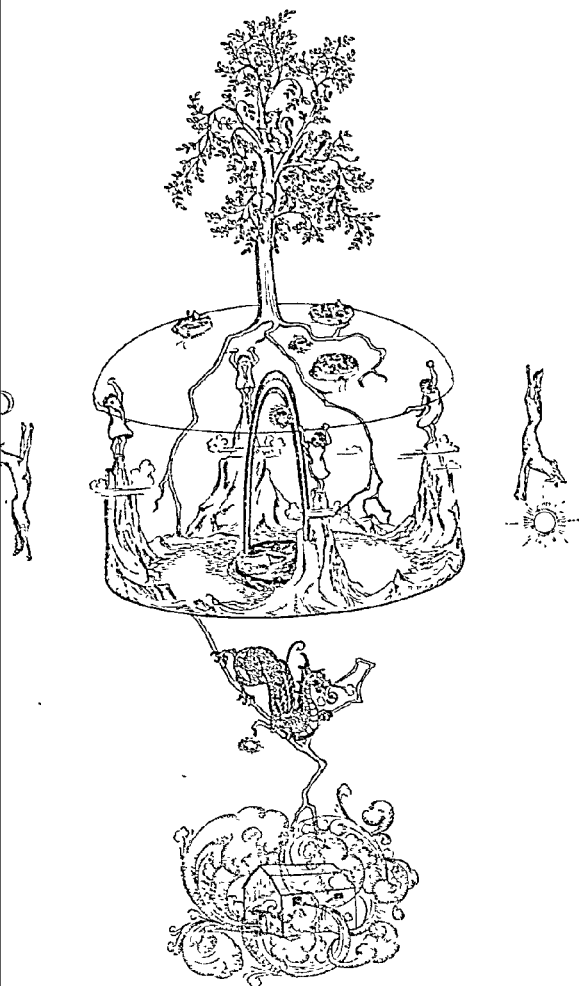
¹ See page 9

THE NORSE GODS

and Middle-Earth flowed the sea. Beyond the sea, Utgard, three regions lay. To the North was Nifelheim : cold ; eastward lay Jötunheim, the home of the Frost-Giants ; and far to the south gleamed the fires of Muspelheim, where dwelt Surtr of the Flaming Sword, who should come at the end of the world. But the end is not yet. For under all, and through all, and over all grew Ygdrasil, the World-Ash, the Tree of Life. It had one root in Nifelheim, at which a serpent gnawed continually : an eagle lived in its branches, and a squirrel ran up and down its trunk, making mischief between the eagle and the serpent. Another root it had under Giantland, and a third, strangely, above the sky, which the Norns watered daily from the Well of Truth. Above all the Gods, above Odin himself, were these Norns, the Fatal Sisters who spun the destinies of Gods and men. When the rainbow shone, the Norsemen knew that the Gods were riding up the bridge of heaven to consult the Norns.

The Gods were friendly to men, the Giants mostly hostile. Besides Gods, Giants and men there were elves, tiny beings, of whom there were two kinds—the light-elves or fairies, who had their pleasant business in the light, among the sunbeams, the dewdrops and the flowers ; and the swart-elves, or dwarfs, ill-conditioned creatures who dwelt underground, workers in metals and precious stones. Such was the fashion of the world, and such were its inhabitants.

Chief of the Gods was Odin, the All-Father, stately, long-bearded, one-eyed—in his love for Gods and men he had given his other eye in pledge for a draught from the Well of Wisdom. He was the God of warriors, counsellor of kings and inspirer of poets. In his palace



THE NORSE WORLD
(See pages 6 and 7)

oyed and Frost and Fire would resume their sway. In Ragnarök, the Doomsday of the Gods, would have been the end. But till its coming they must live calmly and usefully, doing good to man whom they had made.

(2) *Thor's Adventures in Jotunheim*

One day Thor set out for Jötunheim, accompanied by Loki and his page Thialfi. Fast as they travelled, they were still far from Giant-land when night overtook them, wildered in a dark forest. Peering about for shelter they espied a great house, with a single wide door under the gable. They entered and lay down to sleep; but towards midnight the earth began to rumble and quake. Loki and Thialfi crept in terror into a little side-chamber that led out of the hall; but Thor sat down in the doorway with Miöllnir on his knees, meaning to sell his life dearly. And all night the rumbling went on.

When day broke, Thor looked about him, and there a little way off was a great giant lying on his back, sound asleep and snoring; and with every snore that he gave the earth quaked. Thor's heart failed him for the first time; he could not hurl his hammer. 'Who are you?' he called. The giant opened his eyes, and rose slowly to his feet. 'My name is Skrymnir,' he answered mildly. 'I need not ask who you are, for I perceive you are Thor; but what have you done with my mitten?' So saying, he picked up the house they had slept in, and Loki and Thialfi tumbled out of the thumb.

'Where are you bound for?' said the giant, and when they had told him, 'Then we can travel together,' he said, 'and I will carry your wallets for you, if you will.' So saying, he packed all their wallets into his own, and, taking the bundle on his shoulder, led the way northward

fallen a little, but not much. 'You are playing with Asa Thor,' said the King mockingly. Thor was vexed, and taking a still deeper breath he drank with all his might. But when he paused for lack of breath the horned as full as ever. 'I fear you are but a puny hero,' said the Utgard King. 'Come, show us some of your feat. Try if you can lift my cat here; it is a favourite sport with our young boys.' As he spoke, a great grey cat sprang on to the floor of the hall. Thor picked it up under the belly, and heaved. But the more he heaved the more the cat arched its back: heave as he might he could do no more than drag one of its paws off the floor. 'A great cat and a little god!' sneered the King. 'Try something else: name your own game.'

'Little as you think me,' said Thor wrathfully, 'I will not restle a bout with any man now I am angry.' The Utgard King looked round the board. 'There is no man here,' he said, 'that would deign to wrestle with such a dwarfish mannikin. But here is my old nurse Ella; try a fall with her.' Thor looked at the bent old crone: he thought it shame to wrestle with a woman; nevertheless he grappled with her and tried to throw her. But the carlin budged not an inch for all his tugging and straining; nay, she put forth her strength in turn, and forced him to his knee. 'Enough for to-night!' cried the Utgard King. 'Now go to supper and to bed, and to-morrow I will bring you on your way.' So they ate and drank, and lay down to sleep.

Next morning, when they had broken their fast, the Utgard King convoyed the Aesir out of his castle; and when they were a little way beyond the gate he said, 'You got not much honour upon us yestereven, Asa Thor.' 'No, indeed,' answered Thor; 'you shamed me at every turn, and I brook that very ill.' 'Be not

over all the earth, and took an oath from all things that they would not injure Balder. And all things vowed in earth and air and ocean ; all stones and ores, all plants and trees, all beasts and birds and fishes and creeping things—all vowed that they would do Balder no hurt. The Gods were joyful at Frigga's good tidings, and they had Balder out into the courtyard to make sport with him. They hurled spears and stones at him, they hewed at him with glaives and axes ; but all their missiles and weapons glanced off from Balder and left him scatheless. Black envy filled Loki's heart when he saw how Balder was loved by all things. He disguised himself as an aged crone, and came where Frigga sat in her chamber. 'What are the Gods doing in the courtyard ?' asked Frigga. 'They are flinging spears and stones at Balder,' said Loki, 'and hewing at him with the steel's edge ; but all their weapons avoid Balder and leave him unscathed.' 'Even so,' said Frigga : 'for I took an oath from all things that they would do Balder no scathe.' 'And did all things swear that oath ?' asked Loki. 'There was a mistletoe-bough growing east of Valhalla,' said Frigga, 'which looked so young and tender that I took no oath from it.'

Loki made his obeisance and crept away ; but once out of Frigga's presence he sped to the oak-tree that stood east of Valhalla, and cut down the mistletoe branch that grew on it. Then carrying the branch he returned to Asgard. In the courtyard he found the Gods still at their sport, all but the blind God Hodr, who stood under the wall alone. Loki went up to him, and touched his arm. 'Why do you stand here apart, Hodr,' he said, 'and not do honour to Balder with the rest ?' 'For two reasons, brother,' answered Hodr ; 'I am weaponless,

and I am blind' 'Take this twig for a weapon,' said Loki, 'and I will guide your arm, so that you may do honour to Balder like the rest of his brethren' So Hodr joined the laughing ring, and guided by Loki launched his dart It pierced Balder to the heart, and he fell down dead A terrible wail went up from the Gods when they saw their darling dead at their feet They would have rent Hodr limb from limb, but that courtyard was holy ground Then Frigga raised her voice above their wailing 'Who will earn the love of Gods and men?' she cried 'Who will ride down to Hell and ransom Balder?' 'I will go,' said the fleet-footed Hermodr, and, saddling Sleipnir, he galloped away down the steep road to Hell

Then the Gods went out into the plain of Ida, and hewed down pine-trees and fir-trees to make a pyre for Balder They built a great pyre on the poop of his ship, and laid Balder upon it When Nana saw her lord thus laid, her heart broke, and they placed her dead by her dead husband's side Then they sat down in their golden thrones, and waited in silence for Hermodr's return

Nine days and nine nights Hermodr rode down the steep Hell-way, till he came to the golden bridge that spans the waters of Gjoll, the River of Hell The maiden who kept the bridge challenged him 'Who art thou that ridest Hellward? Thy hue is not the hue of death, and my bridge bends under thee as it bends not under the strengthless dead' Hermodr told his errand, and passed on till he came to Hell-grate He tightened the girths upon Sleipnir, and the brave steed leapt the grate, and paced down the icy corridor till they reached Hela's hall On the dais Hela sat enthroned, and by her side

Balder and Nana robed and crowned. Hermodr dismounted, and kneeling before Hela he prayed her to send Balder back to earth to be the joy of Gods and men. Hela made answer: 'If Balder is so beloved that all things will weep for him, then will I let him go. If not, I keep my prey.'

Hermodr galloped swiftly back to Asgard, and told the Gods Hela's word. Then Frigga rose, and fared forth again over all the earth, beseeching all things to weep for Balder. And all things wept, even as the earth, and the stones, and the grasses weep when sunshine melts the frosts in spring. So Frigga turned homeward rejoicing, for she deemed that she had ransomed Balder. But as she came through the Iron Wood, she found a witch sitting in the mouth of a cave. She besought her to weep for Balder, as all the rest of the world had done. 'Dry tears will I weep for Balder,' said the witch. 'Hela may keep her prey for me'; and she vanished into her cave with a mocking laugh. So Frigga returned to Asgard sorrowing, for she knew that Balder was lost for ever. But some say that the witch was Loki.

The Gods received Frigga's tidings in silence, and in silence they rose from their thrones and moved down to the shore where Balder's ship lay. They kindled the bale-fire, and setting their shoulders to the ship's stern, they pushed her down the iron-shod ways into the sea. As she took the water, a land-breeze sprang up: it fanned the flames, it filled the sails, and, like a moving pyramid of fire, the stately ship sailed away into the splendour of the setting sun.

From The Eddas.

(4) *Ragnarok, the Doomsday of the Gods*

When Balder's ship sank flaming into the sunset, the Gods turned to take vengeance on the murderer Loki. They manacled him, and pinned him down on four sharp spikes of rock, and they hung a serpent above him, whose venom should drip on his breast. But his faithful wife sits by him day and night, catching the venom in a bowl, only, when she empties the bowl, the venom drips on Loki's breast, then his writhings make the earth to quake. There the murderer lies in torment till the Day of the Doom of the Gods shall come. Before its coming there shall be portents many and omens many, for harbingers of the approaching fate. Lust and greed shall overrun the earth there shall be wars and strifes unnatural, brother against brother and father against child. Then comes the Awful Winter, three winters in one with never a summer between. The wolves that pursue the sun and the moon overtake and devour them, and there is darkness over all the world. The earth trembles to her foundations as Loki writhes himself free from his bed of pain. the Fenris-wolf bursts his fetter. the Midgard-serpent heaves herself up from the ocean-floor, with a tidal wave that rolls over the land. The Frost-Giants close in from the East; and up from the South ride the gleaming hosts of Muspelheim, headed by Surtr of the Flaming Sword. At the sound of Heimdall's horn the Gods and the Heroes draw out from Valhalla for their last conflict. In the plain of Vigrithi the battle is set. The Fenris-wolf swallows Odin, and is killed by Vithan, Odin's day-old son. Loki and Heimdall slay one another. Thor fells the Midgard-serpent, and is

smothered in its venom. At last, Surtr whirls his flaming sword : Midgard and Asgard sink in ashes ; and Frost and Fire resume their sway, as it was in the beginning.

Yet a remnant shall escape. Hid in a cleft of the rock, suckled on morning-dew, two human creatures, Lif and Lifthrasir, survive, And in the fulness of time, far in the Clear Blue, a greener earth shall rise from the waters, arched over by a serener sky : Balder shall come back from the dead, with Hodr and the sons of Thor ; and when they rebuild Asgard they shall find in the grass the golden dice with which the old Gods played. Then shall Lif and Lifthrasir come forth from the cranny of the rock, to be the father and the mother of a new and happier race of humankind.

From *The Eddas*.

NOTE ON THE NORSE LEGENDS.—Though there is much Norse blood in Britain, though Norse was spoken in Shetland within the last two centuries, and though in the Middle Ages there was free-trade in ballad themes between Britain and Scandinavia, yet it was not till late in the eighteenth century that the Norse mythology began to influence *literary* English, through the work of that good poet and great scholar, Thomas Gray. In the early nineteenth century Thomas Carlyle, in his lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship, chose Odin to represent 'the Hero as God' ; Carlyle also wrote on the Kings of Norway. A little later, Matthew Arnold found in the death of Balder a theme for a fine if somewhat frigid poem. But it was not till the last quarter of the century that the real wealth of Icelandic literature began to be revealed to English readers, chiefly by the work of William Morris.

(5) *The Descent of Odin*

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.

Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd,
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
 And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
 The Father of the powerful spell
 Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of Hell arise

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic Maid
 Facing to the northern clune,
 Thrice he traced the runic rhyme,
 Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead,
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound

Pn What call unknown, what charms presume
 To break the quiet of my tomb?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night?
 Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain!
 Let me, let me sleep again
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know ;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold :
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n !
Unwilling I my lips unclose ;
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers *Odin's* Child await,
Who the Author of his fate.

PR. In *Hoder's* hand the Hero's doom ;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' Avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,
By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,
A wond'rous Boy shall *Rinda* bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor wash his visage in the stream,
 Nor see the sun's departing beam,
 Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile
 Flaming on the fun'ral pile
 Now my weary lips I close
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

O Yet a while my call obey
 Prophetess, awake, and say,
 What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
 That bend to earth their solemn brow,
 That their flaxen tresses tear,
 And snowy veils, that float in air
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose
 Then I leave thee to repose

Pr Ha ! no Traveller art thou,
 King of Men I know thee now,
 Mightiest of a mighty line——

O No boding Maid of skill divine
 Art thou, no Prophetess of good,
 But Mother of the giant-brood !

Pr Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
 That never shall Enquirer come
 To break my iron sleep again,
 Till *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain
 Never, till substantial Night
 Has reassum'd her ancient right,
 Till wrapp'd in flames, in rum hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world

THOMAS GRAY

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE

THE most important military post in Athol was Blair Castle. The house which now bears that name is not distinguished by any striking peculiarity from other country seats of the aristocracy. The old building was a lofty tower of rude architecture which commanded a vale watered by the Garry. The walls would have offered very little resistance to a battering train, but were quite strong enough to keep the herdsmen of the Grampians in awe. About five miles south of this stronghold, the valley of the Garry contracts itself into the celebrated glen of Killiecrankie. At present a highway as smooth as any road in Middlesex ascends gently from the low country to the summit of the defile. White villas peep from the birch forest : and, on a fine summer day, there is scarcely a turn of the pass at which may not be seen some angler casting his fly on the foam of the river, some artist sketching a pinnacle of rock, or some party of pleasure banqueting on the turf in the fretwork of shade and sunshine. But, in the days of William the Third, Killiecrankie was mentioned with horror by the peaceful and industrious inhabitants of the Perthshire lowlands. It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. The sound, so musical to modern ears, of the river brawling round the mossy rocks

It was determined to fight ; and the confederated clans in high spirits set forward to encounter the enemy.

The enemy meanwhile had made his way up the pass. The ascent had been long and toilsome : for even the foot had to climb by twos and threes ; and the baggage horses, twelve hundred in number, could mount only



THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE

one at a time. No wheeled carriage had ever been tugged up that arduous path. The head of the column had emerged and was on the table land, while the rearguard was still in the plain below. At length the passage was effected ; and the troops found themselves in a valley of no great extent. Their right was flanked by a rising ground, their left by the Garry. Wearied with the morning's work, they threw themselves on the grass to take some rest and refreshment.

Early in the afternoon, they were roused by an alarm

that the Highlanders were approaching. Regiment after regiment started up and got into order. In a little while the summit of an ascent which was about a musket shot before them was covered with bonnets and plaids. Dundee rode forward for the purpose of surveying the force with which he was to contend, and then drew up his own men with as much skill as their peculiar character permitted him to exert. It was desirable to keep the clans distinct. Each tribe, large or small, formed a column separated from the next column by a wide interval. One of these battalions might contain seven hundred men, while another consisted of only a hundred and twenty. Lochiel had represented that it was impossible to mix men of different tribes without destroying all that constituted the peculiar strength of a Highland army.

On the right, close to the Garry, were the Macleans. Next to them were Cannon and his Irish foot. Then came the Macdonalds of Clanronald, commanded by the guardian of their young prince. On the left were other bands of Macdonalds. At the head of one large battalion towered the stately form of Glengarry, who bore in his hand the royal standard of King James the Seventh. Still further to the left were the cavalry, a small squadron consisting of some Jacobite gentlemen who had fled from the Lowlands to the mountains, and of about forty of Dundee's old troopers. The horses had been ill fed and ill tended among the Grampians, and looked miserably lean and feeble. Beyond them was Lochiel with his Camerons. On the extreme left, the men of Sky were marshalled by Macdonald of Sleat.

In the Highlands, as in all countries where war has not become a science, men thought it the most important

duty of a commander to set an example of personal courage and of bodily exertion. Lochiel was especially renowned for his physical prowess. His clansmen looked big with pride when they related how he had himself broken hostile ranks and hewn down tall warriors. He probably owed quite as much of his influence to these achievements as to the high qualities which, if fortune had placed him in the English Parliament or at the French court, would have made him one of the foremost men of his age. He had the sense however to perceive how erroneous was the notion which his countrymen had formed. He knew that to give and to take blows was not the business of a general. He knew with how much difficulty Dundee had been able to keep together, during a few days, an army composed of several clans; and he knew that what Dundee had effected with difficulty Cannon would not be able to effect at all. The life on which so much depended must not be sacrificed to a barbarous prejudice. Lochiel therefore adjured Dundee not to run into any unnecessary danger. 'Your Lordship's business,' he said, 'is to overlook everything, and to issue your commands. Our business is to execute those commands bravely and promptly.' Dundee answered with calm magnanimity that there was much weight in what his friend Sir Ewan had urged, but that no general could effect anything great without possessing the confidence of his men. 'I must establish my character for courage. Your people expect to see their leaders in the thickest of the battle; and to-day they shall see me there. I promise you, on my honour, that in future fights I will take more care of myself.'

Meanwhile a fire of musketry was kept up on both sides, but more skilfully and more steadily by the regular

soldiers than by the mountaineers. The space between the armies was one cloud of smoke. Not a few Highlanders dropped, and the clans grew impatient. The sun however was low in the west before Dundee gave the order to prepare for action. His men raised a great shout. The enemy, probably exhausted by the toil of the day, returned a feeble and wavering cheer. 'We shall do it now,' said Lochiel 'that is not the cry of men who are going to win.' He had walked through all his ranks, had addressed a few words to every Cameron, and had taken from every Cameron a promise to conquer or die.

It was past seven o'clock. Dundee gave the word. The Highlanders dropped their plaids. The few who were so luxurious as to wear rude socks of untanned hide spurned them away. It was long remembered in Lochaber that Lochiel took off what probably was the only pair of shoes in his clan, and charged barefoot at the head of his men. *The whole line advanced firing.* The enemy returned the fire and did much execution. When only a small space was left between the armies, the Highlanders suddenly flung away their firelocks, drew their broadswords, and rushed forward with a fearful yell. The Lowlanders prepared to receive the shock, but this was then a long and awkward process, and the soldiers were still fumbling with the muzzles of their guns and the handles of their bayonets when the whole flood of Macleans, Macdonalds, and Camerons came down. In two minutes the battle was lost and won. The ranks of Balfour's regiment broke. He was cloven down while struggling in the press. Ramsay's

muzzles bayonets] In those days the bayonet was screwed into the muzzle of the gun

men turned their backs and dropped their arms. Mackay's own foot were swept away by the furious onset of the Camerons. His brother and nephew exerted themselves in vain to rally the men. The former was laid dead on the ground by a stroke from a claymore. The latter, with eight wounds on his body, made his way through the tumult and carnage to his uncle's side. Even in that extremity Mackay retained all his self-possession. He had still one hope. A charge of horse might recover the day; for of horse the bravest Highlanders were supposed to stand in awe. But he called on the horse in vain. Belhaven indeed behaved like a gallant gentleman: but his troopers, appalled by the rout of the infantry, galloped off in disorder: Annandale's men followed: all was over; and the mingled torrent of redcoats and tartans went raving down the valley to the gorge of Killiecrankie.

Mackay, accompanied by one trusty servant, spurred bravely through the thickest of the claymores and targets, and reached a point from which he had a view of the field. His whole army had disappeared, with the exception of some Borderers whom Leven had kept together, and of Hastings's regiment, which had poured a murderous fire into the Celtic ranks, and which still kept unbroken order. All the men that could be collected were only a few hundreds. The general made haste to lead them across the Garry, and having put that river between them and the enemy, paused for a moment to meditate on his situation.

He could hardly understand how the conquerers could be so unwise as to allow him even that moment for deliberation. They might with ease have killed or taken all who were with him before the night closed in. But

the energy of the Celtic warriors had spent itself in one furious rush and one short struggle. The pass was choked by the twelve hundred beasts of burden which carried the provisions and baggage of the vanquished army. Such a booty was irresistibly tempting to men who were impelled to war quite as much by the desire of rapine as by the desire of glory. It is probable that few even of the chiefs were disposed to leave so rich a prize for the sake of King James. Dundee himself might at that moment have been unable to persuade his followers to quit the heaps of spoil, and to complete the great work of the day, and Dundee was no more

LORD MACAULAY *History of England*

SONNET

IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKIE

An Invasion being expected, October, 1803

SIX thousand veterans practised in war's game,
 Tried men, at Killierankie were arrayed
 Against an equal host that wore the plaid,
 Shepherds and herdsmen — Like a whirlwind came
 The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame,
 And Garry, thundering down his mountain-road,
 Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load
 Of the dead bodies — 'Twas a day of shame
 For them whom precept and the pedantry
 Of cold mechanic battle do enslave
 O for a single hour of that Dundee,
 Who on that day the word of onset gave !
 Like conquest would the Men of England see,
 And her Foes find a like inglorious grave

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE

THE sight of the red coats approaching caused some anxiety among the population of the valley. John, the eldest son of the Chief, came, accompanied by twenty clansmen, to meet the strangers, and asked what this visit meant. Lieutenant Lindsay answered that the soldiers came as friends, and wanted nothing but quarters. They were kindly received, and were lodged under the thatched roofs of the little community. Glenlyon and several of his men were taken into the house of a tacksmen who was named, from the cluster of cabins over which he exercised authority, Inverriggen. Lindsay was accommodated nearer to the abode of the old Chief. Auchintriater, one of the principal men of the clan, who governed the small hamlet of Auchnaion, found room there for a party commanded by a serjeant named Barbour. Provisions were liberally supplied. There was no want of beef, which had probably fattened in distant pastures; nor was any payment demanded: for in hospitality, as in thievery, the Gaelic marauders rivalled the Bedouins. During twelve days the soldiers lived familiarly with the people of the glen. Old Mac Ian, who had before felt many misgivings as to the relation in which he stood to the government, seems to have been pleased with the visit. The officers passed much of their time with him and his family. The long evenings were cheerfully spent by the peat fire with the help of some packs of cards which had found their way to that remote corner of the world, and of some French brandy which was probably part of James's farewell gift to his Highland supporters. Glenlyon appeared to

be warmly attached to his niece and her husband Alexander. Every day he came to their house to take his morning draught. Meanwhile he observed with minute attention all the avenues by which, when the signal for the slaughter should be given, the Macdonalds might attempt to escape to the hills, and he reported the result of his observations to Hamilton.

Hamilton fixed five o'clock, in the morning of the thirteenth of February for the deed. He hoped that, before that time, he should reach Glencoe with four hundred men, and should have stopped all the earths in which the old fox and his two cubs,—so Mac Ian and his sons were nicknamed by the murderers,—could take refuge. But at five precisely, whether Hamilton had arrived or not, Glenlyon was to fall on, and to slay every Macdonald under seventy.

The night was rough. Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Landsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old Chief on the morrow.

Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the Chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state, and some of them uttered strange exclamations. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. 'I do not like this job,' one of them muttered. 'I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds. But to kill men in their beds'—'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for

Alexander] the Chief's second son.

it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that, soon after midnight, he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that, if you were in any danger, I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?' John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to his house, and lay down to rest.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles off, and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise, and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host Inverrighen and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the Captain's legs, and begged hard for life. He would do anything, he would go anywhere, he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting, but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

At Auchnaon the tacksman Auchmutriater was up early that morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Serjeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the serjeant, 'I will do you that favour

for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old Chief and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. Mac Ian, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers : but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

The statesman, to whom chiefly this great crime is to be ascribed, had planned it with consummate ability : but the execution was complete in nothing but in guilt and infamy. A succession of blunders saved three-fourths of the Glencoe men from the fate of their Chief. All the moral qualities which fit men to bear a part in a massacre Hamilton and Glenlyon possessed in perfection. But neither seems to have had much professional skill. Hamilton had arranged his plan without making allowance for bad weather, and this at a season when, in the Highlands, the weather was very likely to be bad. The consequence was that the fox earths, as he called them, were not stopped in time. Glenlyon and his men committed the error of despatching their hosts with firearms instead of using the cold steel. The peal and flash of gun after gun gave notice, from three different

parts of the valley at once, that murder was doing. From fifty cottages the half naked peasantry fled under cover of the night to the recesses of their pathless glen. Even the sons of Mac Ian, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants. John, who, by the death of his father, had become the patriarch of the tribe, quitted his dwelling just as twenty soldiers with fixed bayonets marched up to it. It was broad day long before Hamilton arrived. He found the work not even half performed. About thirty corpses lay wallowing in blood on the dunghills before the doors. One or two women were seen among the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant. One aged Macdonald was found alive. He was probably too infirm to fly, and, as he was above seventy, was not included in the orders under which Glenlyon had acted. Hamilton murdered the old man in cold blood. The deserted hamlets were then set on fire, and the troops departed, driving away with them many sheep and goats, nine hundred kine, and two hundred of the small shaggy ponies of the Highlands.

It is said, and may but too easily be believed, that the sufferings of the fugitives were terrible. How many old men, how many women with babes in their arms, sank down and slept their last sleep in the snow; how many, having crawled, spent with toil and hunger, into nooks among the precipices, died in those dark holes, and were picked to the bone by the mountain ravens, can never be known. But it is probable that those who perished by cold, weariness, and want were not less numerous than those who were slain by the assassins. When the

troops had retired, the Macdonalds crept out of the caverns of Glencoe, ventured back to the spot where the huts had formerly stood, collected the scorched corpses from among the smoking ruins, and performed some rude rites of sepulture. The tradition runs that the hereditary bard of the tribe took his seat on a rock which overhung the place of slaughter, and poured forth a long lament over his murdered brethren and his desolate home. Eighty years later that sad dirge was still repeated by the population of the valley.

LORD MACAULAY, *History of England*.

GLENCOE

' O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody ?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy ? '—

' No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,
The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

' Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,

CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III

HE therefore long observed the contest between the English factions attentively, but without feeling a strong predilection for either side. Nor in truth did he ever, to the end of his life, become either a Whig or a Tory. He wanted that which is the common groundwork of both characters : for he never became an Englishman. He saved England, it is true ; but he never loved her ; and he never obtained her love. To him she was always a land of exile, visited with reluctance and quitted with delight. Even when he rendered to her those services of which, at this day, we feel the happy effects, her welfare was not his chief object. Whatever patriotic feeling he had was for Holland. There was the stately tomb where slept the great politician whose blood, whose name, whose temperament, and whose genius he had inherited. There the very sound of his title was a spell which had, through three generations, called forth the affectionate enthusiasm of boors and artisans. The Dutch language was the language of his nursery. Among the Dutch gentry he had chosen his early friends. The amusements, the architecture, the landscape of his native country, had taken hold on his heart. To her he turned with constant fondness from a prouder and fairer rival. In the gallery of Whitehall he pined for the familiar House in the Wood at the Hague, and never was so happy as when he could quit the magnificence of Windsor for his far humbler seat at Loo. During his splendid banishment it was his consolation to create

the great politician] William the Silent.

round him, by building, planting, and digging, a scene which might remind him of the formal piles of red brick, of the long canals, and of the symmetrical flowerbeds among which his early life had been passed. Yet even his affection for the land of his birth was subordinate to another feeling which early became supreme in his soul, which mixed itself with all his passions, which impelled him to marvellous enterprises, which supported him when sinking under mortification, pain, sickness, and sorrow, which towards the close of his career, seemed during a short time to languish, but which soon broke forth again fiercer than ever, and continued to animate him even while the prayer for the departing was read at his bedside. That feeling was enmity to France, and to the magnificent King who, in more than one sense, represented France, and who to virtues and accomplishments eminently French joined in large measure that unquiet, unscrupulous, and vainglorious ambition which has repeatedly drawn on France the resentment of Europe.

LORD MACAULAY *History of England*

CHARACTER OF MARLBOROUGH

Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen worshipped almost, had thus of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony, before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel, before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery,

vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him ;—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate.



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her ; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported

starving sentinel's three farthings; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion).—But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all: and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

W. M. THACKERAY. *Esmond*.

MARLBOROUGH'S CHARACTER AND ACHIEVEMENT

It is impossible to quit this subject without a few words on the great man who revived for England the ancient glory of Crécy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, the greatest, in the Duke of Wellington's words, who ever appeared at

see a hero perish, etc.]

"Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

POPE, *Essay on Man*.

the head of a British Army There are certain passages in his life which make it difficult sometimes to withhold from him hard names ; but allowance should be made for one who was born in revolution, nurtured in a court of corruption, and matured in fresh revolution Wellington himself admitted that he never understood the characters of that period, nor exercised due charity towards them, till he had observed the effects of the French Revolution on the minds and consciences of French statesmen and marshals Marlborough's fall was brought about by a faction, and his fame has remained ever since a prey to the tender mercies of a faction But the prejudices of a partisan are but a sorry standard for the measure of one whose transcendent ability as a general, a statesman, a diplomatist, and an administrator, guided not only England but Europe through the War of the Spanish Succession, and delivered them safe for a whole generation from the craft and the ambition of France

Regarding him as a general, his fame is assured as one of the great captains of all time, and it would not become a civilian to add a word to the eulogy of great soldiers who alone can comprehend the full measure of his greatness Yet one or two small points are worthy of attention over and above the reforms, already enumerated, which were introduced by him in all three arms of the service First, and perhaps most important, is the blow struck by Marlborough against the whole system, so much favoured by the French, of passive campaigns It was not, thanks to Dutch deputies and German princelets, as effective as it should have been, but it still marked a step forward in the art of war It must never be forgotten that we possess only the wreck of many of Marlborough's finest combinations, shattered,

just as they were entering port, against the rocks of Dutch stupidity and German conceit. Next, there is a great deal said and written in these days about night-marches and the future that lies before them. It is well to glance also at the past that they have behind them, and to mark with what frequency, with what consummate skill, and with what unvarying success they were employed under far greater than modern difficulties by Marlborough.

Next let it be observed how thoroughly he understood the British soldier. He took care to feed him well, to pay him regularly, to give him plenty of work, and to keep him under the strictest discipline; and with all this he cherished a genial feeling for the men, which showed itself not only in strict injunctions to watch over their comfort, but in acts of personal kindness kindly bestowed. The magic of his personality made itself felt among his men far beyond the scope of mere military duty. His soldiers, as the Recruiting Acts can testify, were for the most part the scum of the nation. Yet they not only marched and fought with a steadiness beyond all praise, but actually became reformed characters and left the army sober, self-respecting men. Marlborough, despite his lapses into treachery as a politician, was a man of peculiar sensitiveness and delicacy. He had a profound distaste for licentiousness either in language or in action, and he contrived to instil a like distaste into his army. His force did not swear terribly in Flanders, as King William's had before it, and, although the annual supply of recruits brought with it necessarily an annual infusion of crime, yet the moral tone of the army was singularly high. Marlborough's nature was not of the hard, unbending temper of Wellington's. The Iron Duke

had a heart so steelled by strong sense, duty, and discipline that it but rarely sought relief in a burst of passionate emotion. Marlborough was cast in a very different mould. He too, like Wellington, was endowed with a strong common sense that in itself amounted to genius, and possessed in the most trying moments a serenity and calm that was almost miraculous. But there was no coldness in his serenity, nothing impassive in his calm. He was sensitive to a fault, and though his temper might remain unchangeably sweet and his speech unalterably placid and courteous, his face would betray the anxiety and worry which his tongue had power to conceal. With such a temperament there was a bond of humanity between him and his men that was lacking in Wellington. Great as Wellington was, the Iron Duke's army could never have nicknamed him the Old Corporal.

The epithet Corporal suggests comparison with the Little Corporal, who performed such marvels with the French Army. Undoubtedly the name was in both cases a mark of the boundless confidence and devotion which the two men could evoke from their troops, and which they could turn to such splendid account in their operations. Marlborough could make believe that he was intending to throw away his entire army, and yet be sure of its loyalty; Napoleon could throw away whole hosts, desert them, and still command the unaltered trust of a new levy. In both the personal fascination was an extraordinary power, but here the resemblance ends. Napoleon, for all his theatrical tricks, had no heart nor tenderness in him, and could not bear the intoxication of success. Marlborough never suffered triumph to turn his head, to diminish his generosity

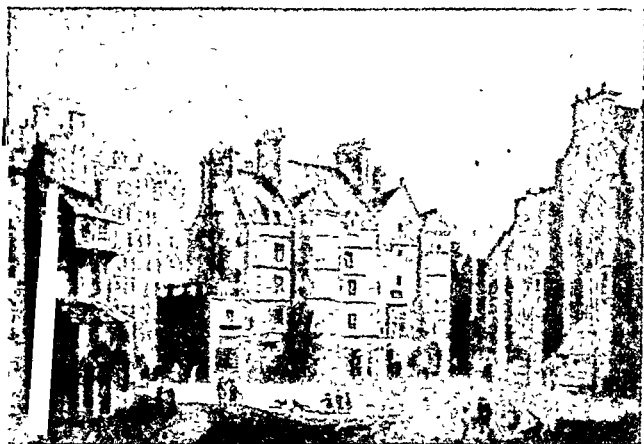
THE DEATH OF PORTEOUS

[At the execution of a smuggler named Wilson, Captain Porteous had ordered the Edinburgh City Guard to fire on the crowd, for which he was condemned to death. But a reprieve came down from London. Thus so infuriated the Edinburgh mob that they burst into the Tolbooth where he lay.]

THE unhappy object of this remarkable disturbance had been that day delivered from the apprehension of public execution, and his joy was the greater, as he had some reason to question whether Government would have run the risk of unpopularity by interfering in his favour, after he had been legally convicted by the verdict of a jury of a crime so very obnoxious. Relieved from this doubtful state of mind, his heart was merry within him, and he thought, in the emphatic words of Scripture on a similar occasion, that surely the bitterness of death was past. Some of his friends, however, who had watched the manner and behaviour of the crowd when they were made acquainted with the reprieve, were of a different opinion. They augured, from the unusual sternness and silence with which they bore their disappointment, that the populace nourished some scheme of sudden and desperate vengeance, and they advised Porteous to lose no time in petitioning the proper authorities, that he might be conveyed to the Castle under a sufficient guard, to remain there in security until his ultimate fate should be determined. Habituated, however, by his office, to overawe the rabble of the city, Porteous could not suspect them of an attempt so audacious as to storm a strong and defensible prison, and, despising the advice by which he might have been saved, he spent the afternoon of the eventful day in giving an entertainment to

some friends who visited him in jail, several of whom, by the indulgence of the Captain of the Tolbooth, with whom he had an old intimacy arising from their official connexion, were even permitted to remain to supper with him, though contrary to the rules of the jail.

It was, therefore, in the hour of unalloyed mirth, when this unfortunate wretch was 'full of bread,' hot with



THE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH

wine, and high in mistimed and ill-grounded confidence, and, alas! with all his sins full blown, when the first distant shouts of the rioters mingled with the song of merriment and intemperance. The hurried call of the jailer to the guests, requiring them instantly to depart, and his yet more hasty intimation that a dreadful and determined mob had possessed themselves of the city gates and Guard-house, were the first explanation of these fearful clamours.

Porteous might, however, have eluded the fury from which the force of authority could not protect him, had he thought of slipping on some disguise and leaving the prison along with his guests. It is probable that the jailer might have connived at his escape, or even that, in the hurry of this alarming contingency, he might not have observed it. But Porteous and his friends alike wanted presence of mind to suggest or execute such a plan of escape. The latter hastily fled from the place where their own safety seemed compromised, and the former, in a state resembling stupefaction, awaited in his apartment the termination of the enterprise of the rioters. The cessation of the clang of the instruments with which they had at first attempted to force the door, gave him momentary relief. The flattering hopes that the military had marched into the city, either from the Castle or from the suburbs, and that the rioters were intimidated and dispersing, were soon destroyed by the broad and glaring light of the flames, which, illuminating through the grated window every corner of his apartment, plainly showed that the mob, determined on their fatal purpose, had adopted a means of forcing entrance equally desperate and certain.

The sudden glare of light suggested to the stupefied and astonished object of popular hatred the possibility of concealment or escape. To rush to the chimney, to ascend it at the risk of suffocation, were the only means which seem to have occurred to him, but his progress was speedily stopped by one of those iron gratings, which are, for the sake of security, usually placed across the vents of buildings designed for imprisonment. The bars, however, which impeded his further progress, served to support him in the situation which he had gained, and

he seized them with the tenacious grasp of one who esteemed himself clinging to his last hope of existence. The lurid light, which had filled the apartment, lowered and died away ; the sound of shouts was heard within the walls, and on the narrow and winding stair, which, eased within one of the turrets, gave access to the upper apartments of the prison. The huzza of the rioters was answered by a shout wild and desperate as their own, the cry, namely, of the imprisoned felons, who, expecting to be liberated in the general confusion, welcomed the mob as their deliverers. By some of these, the apartment of Porteous was pointed out to his enemies. The obstacle of the lock and bolts was soon overcome, and from his hiding-place the unfortunate man heard his enemies search every corner of the apartment, with oaths and maledictions, which would but shock the reader if we recorded them, but which served to prove, could it have admitted of doubt, the settled purpose of soul with which they sought his destruction.

A place of concealment so obvious to suspicion and scrutiny as that which Porteous had chosen, could not long screen him from detection. He was dragged from his lurking-place, with a violence which seemed to argue an intention to put him to death on the spot. More than one weapon was directed towards him, when one of the rioters, the same whose female disguise had been particularly noticed by Butler, interfered in an authoritative tone. ‘ Are ye mad ? ’ he said, ‘ or would ye execute an act of justice as if it were a crime and a cruelty ? This sacrifice will lose half its savour if we do not offer it at the very horns of the altar. We will have him die where a murderer should die, on the common gibbet—We will have him die where he spilled the blood of so many innocents ! ’

A loud shout of applause followed the proposal, and the cry, 'To the gallows with the murderer'!—To the Grassmarket with him!' echoed on all hands

'Let no man hurt him,' continued the speaker; 'let him make his peace with God, if he can; we will not kill both his soul and body.'

'What time did he give better folk for preparing their account?' answered several voices 'Let us mete to him with the same measure he measured to them.'

But the opinion of the spokesman better suited the temper of those he addressed, a temper rather stubborn than impetuous, sedate though ferocious, and desirous of colouring their cruel and revengeful action with a show of justice and moderation

The tumult was now transferred from the inside to the outside of the Tolbooth. The mob had brought their destined victim forth, and were about to conduct him to the common place of execution, which they had fixed as the scene of his death. The leader, whom they distinguished by the name of Madge Wildfire, had been summoned to assist at the procession by the impatient shouts of his confederates

'I will ensure you five hundred pounds,' said the unhappy man, grasping Wildfire's hand,—'five hundred pounds for to save my life'

The other answered in the same undertone, and returning his grasp with one equally convulsive, 'Five hundredweight of coined gold should not save you—Remember Wilson!'

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put on his nightgown and slippers, as he had thrown off his coat and shoes, in order to facilitate his attempted escape up the chimney. In this garb he was now mounted on the

hands of two of the rioters, clasped together, so as to form what is called in Scotland, 'The King's Cushion.'

The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches; for the actors of this work were so far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion, that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torchlight as his person was raised considerably above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes, marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows, as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement: but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of stupefied astonishment. No one offered, by act or word, the slightest interruption.

The rioters, on their part, continued to act with the same air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation.¹ As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose the booth of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for

¹ This little incident, characteristic of the extreme composure of this extraordinary mob, was witnessed by a lady, who, disturbed like others from her slumbers, had gone to the window. It was told to the author by the lady's daughter.

their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange, so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to show that they meditated not the slightest wrong or infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them in this determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be described as conspirators) endeavoured to remove the stone which filled up the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its fatal purpose, others sought for the means of constructing a temporary gibbet, the place in which the gallows itself was deposited being reported too secure to be forced, without much loss of time. Butler endeavoured to avail himself of the delay afforded by these circumstances, to turn the people from their desperate design. 'For God's sake,' he exclaimed, 'remember it is the image of your Creator which you are about to deface in the person of this unfortunate man.' Wretched as he is, and wicked as he may be, he has a share in every promise of Scripture, and you cannot destroy him in impenitence without blotting his name from the Book of Life. Do not destroy soul and body, give time for preparation.'

'What time had they,' returned a stern voice, 'whom he murdered on this very spot? The laws both of God and man call for his death.'

'But what, my friends,' insisted Butler, with a generous disregard to his own safety—'what hath constituted you his judges?'

‘We are not his judges,’ replied the same person; ‘he has been already judged and condemned by lawful authority. We are those whom Heaven, and our righteous anger, have stirred up to execute judgement, when a corrupt Government would have protected a murderer.’

‘I am none,’ said the unfortunate Porteous; ‘that which you charge upon me fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of my duty.’

‘Away with him—away with him!’ was the general cry. ‘Why do you trifle away time in making a gallows?—that dyester’s pole is good enough for the homicide.’

The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler, then at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and, by the red and dusky light of the torches, he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber-axes and partisans. The sight was of a nature to double his horror, and to add wings to his flight.

SIR WALTER SCOTT. *The Heart of Midlothian.*

CLIVE AT ARCOT

RAJAH SAHIB proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow

to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoy. Only four officers were left, the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defence under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five-and-twenty, who had been bred a book-keeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defence, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability, which would have done honour to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, colour, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Caesar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoy came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief

named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The



Robert Clive

fame of the defence of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to

help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein, the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslems of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was

at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers, drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket-balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when the day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired,

leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition

LORD MACAULAY, *Lord Clive*

WOLFE AT QUEBEC

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robison, afterwards professor of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard' to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave

'Gentlemen,' he said, as his recital ended, 'I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec.' None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination, the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp *Qu'en est-il?* of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. *France!* answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

À quel régiment?

De la Reine, replied the Highlander. He knew that

a part of that corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within range of a pistol-shot. In answer to his questions, the same officer replied, in French: 'Provision-boats. Don't make a noise; the English will hear us.' In fact, the sloop-of-war *Hunter* was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing-place. They disembarked on a narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked with forest trees; and in its depths ran a little brook called Ruisseau St-Denis, which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance-parties as they mounted

and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight, till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

'This is a serious business,' Montcalm said; and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the centre and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the Governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him, then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the centre, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods, then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the centre, which

had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown, of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. 'There's no need,' he answered; 'it's all over with me.' A moment after, one of them cried out: 'They run; see how they run!' 'Who run?' Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. 'The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!' 'Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton,' returned

the dying man, 'tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge' Then, turning on his side, he murmured, 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace' and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

In the night of humiliation when Vaudreuil abandoned Quebec, Montcalm was breathing his last within its walls. When he was brought wounded from the field, he was placed in the house of the surgeon Arnoux, who was then with Bourlamaque at Isle-aux-Noix, but whose younger brother, also a surgeon, examined the wound and pronounced it mortal. 'I am glad of it,' Montcalm said quietly, and then asked how long he had to live. 'Twelve hours, more or less,' was the reply. 'So much the better, he returned. I am happy that I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec.' He is reported to have said that since he had lost the battle it consoled him to have been defeated by so brave an enemy; and some of his last words were in praise of his successor, Levis, for whose talents and fitness for command he expressed high esteem. When Vaudreuil sent to ask his opinion, he gave it, but when Ramesay, commandant of the garrison, came to receive his orders, he replied 'I will neither give orders nor interfere any further. I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country. My time is very short, therefore pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities.' Nevertheless he thought to the last of those who had been under his command, and sent the following note to Brigadier Townshend. 'Monsieur, the humanity of the English sets my mind at peace concerning the fate of the French prisoners and

the Canadians. Feel towards them as they have caused me to feel. Do not let them perceive that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father.'

Bishop Pontbriand, himself fast sinking with mortal disease, attended his death-bed and administered the last sacraments. He died peacefully at four o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth. He was in his forty-eighth year.

In the confusion of the time no workman could be found to make a coffin, and an old servant of the Ursulines, known as Bonhomme Michel, gathered a few boards and nailed them together so as to form a rough box. In it was laid the body of the dead soldier; and late in the evening of the same day he was carried to his rest. There was no tolling of bells or firing of cannon. The officers of the garrison followed the bier, and some of the populace, including women and children, joined the procession as it moved in dreary silence along the dusky street, shattered with cannon-ball and bomb, to the chapel of the Ursuline convent. Here a shell, bursting under the floor, had made a cavity which had been hollowed into a grave. Three priests of the Cathedral, several nuns, Ramesay with his officers, and a throng of townspeople were present at the rite. After the service and the chant, the body was lowered into the grave by the light of torches; and then, says the chronicle, 'the tears and sobs burst forth. It seemed as if the last hope of the colony were buried with the remains of the General.' In truth, the funeral of Montcalm was the funeral of New France.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

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CHARACTER OF GEORGE III

KING GEORGE's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early, it was kindly; it was charitable, it was frugal, it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks, the Princesses kissed their mother's hand, and Madame Thielke brought the royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women in waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert, the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom, or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded round quite good-naturedly, and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows, and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked-hat off, and salute his band, and say, 'Thank you, gentlemen.'

A quieter household, a more prosaic life than this of Kew or Windsor, cannot be imagined. Rain or shine, the King rode every day for hours, poked his red face into hundreds of cottages round about, and showed that shovel-hat and Windsor uniform to farmers, to pig-boys, to old women making apple dumplings, to all sorts of people, gentle and simple, about whom countless stories are told. Nothing can be more undignified than these stories. When Haroun Alraschid visits a subject incog,

the latter is sure to be very much the better for the caliph's magnificence. Old George showed no such royal splendour. He used to give a guinea sometimes : sometimes feel in his pockets and find he had no money : often ask a man a hundred questions : about the number of his family, about his oats and beans, about the rent he paid for his house, and ride on. On one occasion he played the part of King Alfred, and turned a piece of meat with a string at a cottager's house. When the old woman came home, she found a paper with an enclosure of money, and a note written by the royal pencil : ' Five guineas to buy a jack.' It was not splendid, but it was kind and worthy of Farmer George. One day, when the King and Queen were walking together, they met a little boy—they were always fond of children, the good folks—and patted the little white head. ' Whose little boy are you ? ' asks the Windsor uniform. ' I am the King's beefeater's little boy,' replied the child. On which the King said, ' Then kneel down and kiss the Queen's hand.' But the innocent offspring of the beefeater declined this treat. ' No,' said he, ' I won't kneel, for if I do, I shall spoil my new breeches.' The thrifty King ought to have hugged him and knighted him on the spot. George's admirers wrote pages and pages of such stories about him. One morning, before anybody else was up, the King walked about Gloucester town ; pushed over Molly the housemaid with her pail, who was scrubbing the doorsteps ; ran upstairs and woke all the equerries in their bedrooms ; and then trotted down to the bridge, where, by this time, a dozen of louts were assembled. ' What ! is this Gloucester New Bridge ? ' asked our gracious monarch ; and the people answered him, ' Yes, your Majesty.' ' Why, then, my boys,' said he,

'let us have a huzzay!' After giving them whiel intellectual gratification, he went home to breakfast Our fathers read these simple tales with fond pleasure laughed at these very small jokes, liked the old man who poked his nose into every cottage, who lived on plain wholesome roast and boiled; who despised your French kickshaws, who was a true hearty old English gentleman

W M THACKERAY, *The Four Georges*

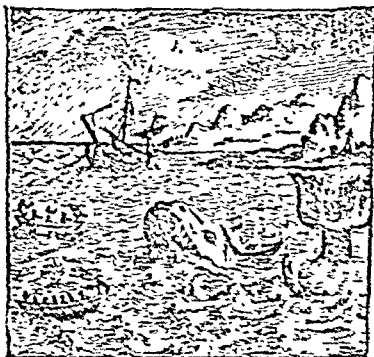
THE AMERICAN WHALE FISHERY

As to the wealth which the Colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy, and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration And pray, Sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the south Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than

the frozen Serpent] a constellation

the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate

that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people: a people who



DEEPPSEA WHALE-FISHING

About 1720

are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things; when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious government, but that, through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die away within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

EDMUND BURKE, *Conciliation with the Colonies.*

THE AMERICAN DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands, which have connected them with another, and to assume *among the powers of the earth the separate and equal* station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation

We hold these truths to be self-evident : that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes, and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is

their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies and such is now the necessity which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. . . .

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, do in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these states reject and renounce all allegiance and subjection to the kings of Great Britain and all others who may hereafter claim by, through or under them; we utterly dissolve all political connexion which may heretofore have subsisted between us and the people or parliament of Great Britain: and finally we do assert and declare these colonies to be free and independent states, and that as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do.

And for the support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

T. JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence.*

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE

WINTER descended, in all its horrors, upon the famished and ragged army. On Christmas-day the weather broke, and next morning the snow lay four inches deep. It remained piled up against, and between, the huts in high and solid drifts; for the first downfall was followed by a long procession of clear and very cold days, with nights of bitter frost. 'When the trampled mud froze suddenly,

the rough ridges were like knives , and, although men cut up their blankets, and bound the stripes about their feet, the flesh was soon as unprotected as before ' The white ground, in and about the camp, was everywhere marked with crimson stains High-born officers of the Hessian regiments in Philadelphia professed to disbelieve that there could be any want of shoes in an army where so many of the Colonels had formerly been cobblers by trade , but Lafayette, who was another sort of nobleman, related with deep feeling how the feet and legs of many poor fellows were congealed and blackened till life could only be saved by amputation When off duty the men never stirred outside their cabins, which (as the young Frenchman told his wife) were no gayer, and far more chilly, than dungeons , and they soon became to the full as noisome In order to purify the air within these dwellings, pitch and tar were lighted, and the powder of a blank musket-cartridge was burned every morning There was talk of supplying warmth by piling the floors with straw, plenty of which might be procured at no great distance from camp , but the means of conveyance were wanting The horses, worse fed even than their masters, died by hundreds every week A committee of Congressmen, who towards the end of January made a visit of inspection to Valley Forge, ascertained that ' almost every species of transportation was performed by men who, without a murmur, patiently yoked themselves to little carriages of their own making, or loaded their wood and provisions on their backs ' For the sick and the ailing there was no escape except into scenes of appalling horror The eleven so-called hospitals at Valley Forge were nothing better than larger, but more crowded, hovels, where the invalids had neither proper medicines,

nor special diet; and where they lay on the bare ground, with no covering except their own tattered clothes, side by side with dying, and sometimes dead, comrades. . . .

After a very short experience of Valley Forge, Washington informed Congress that, 'unless some great and capital change suddenly took place' in the management of the Commissariat, the army must inevitably perish of starvation, or disappear by wholesale desertion. He had not adequately gauged the devotion of his soldiers to their country, and their personal affection for himself. All through December and January a considerable number of privates in the Continental regiments escaped across their own lines by tens and twenties, and presented themselves at the British outposts in a shocking condition of destitution and debility. But these men were for the most part of European nationality. Native-born Americans remained with the colours, retaining the spirit, and (so far as might be) preserving the outward semblance, of soldiers. The men in each hut contributed articles of clothing to make up a costume for anyone of their number who was ordered on picket: and, whenever an enemy was in the neighbourhood, they turned out from their quarters silently and resignedly, and stood under arms during the hour of piercing cold that precedes a mid-winter dawn. They looked up with respectful friendliness to a chief who allowed himself no privileges or comforts that were denied to others. Washington's table was sparsely furnished, and very roughly served. He continued to live under a tent, in the roughest of weathers, until the army had roofed itself in; and then he removed his headquarters to a house which was certainly not a palace. No one was allowed to know—no one will ever know—Washington's inmost thoughts

during that crucial period in his own, and his country's, destiny. His heart bled for his young soldiers, towards whom he felt as a father, but whom he was powerless to succour in their distress; and his peace of mind was sorely tried by the machinations of his political enemies. The Commander-in-Chief of the national armies was well aware that some of the cleverest, and all the least estimable, Congressmen were plotting his downfall with adroit and unscrupulous assiduity. They calumniated his motives. They disparaged his abilities. They deliberately withheld from him absolute necessities, while demanding of him utter impossibilities. Depressed and anxious, he was not perturbed out of measure, inasmuch as he believed himself to be in direct relations with an authority which was superior to Congress. The old ironmaster of Valley Forge, with whom he lodged, used to relate that one day, while strolling up the creek, he found the General's horse fastened to a sapling. Searching around, he saw Washington in a thicket by the road-side, on his knees in prayer, with tears running down his cheeks. The honest man, who was a Quaker preacher, 'felt that he was upon holy ground, and withdrew unobserved'. On returning home he told his wife that the nation would surely survive its troubles, because, if there was anyone on earth that the Lord would listen to, it was George Washington.

SIR G. O. TREVELYAN, *The American Revolution*

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HYDER ALI AND THE CARNATIC

AMONG the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder, worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors,

you have all heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the Company under the name of the Nabob of Arcot does the eastern, division of the Carnatic. It was among the leading measures in the design of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared

HYDER ALLY CAWN.

Sketch by Mr. Duffin



the Nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel, at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part, it

the Company} the East India Company.

was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their Nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the Nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were always prevented by some overruling influence (which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatsoever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common detestation against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction; and compounding

all the materials of fury, havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all their horizon, it suddenly burst, and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered; others, without regard to sex, to age, to the respect of rank, or sacredness of function; fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art. Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the

his more ferocious son] Tipoo Sahib.

whole region. With the inconsiderable exceptions of the narrow vicinage of some few forts, I wish to be understood as speaking literally. I mean to produce to you more than three witnesses, above all exception, who will support this assertion in its full extent. That hurricane of war passed through every part of the central provinces of the Carnatic. Six or seven districts to the north and to the south (and these not wholly untouched) escaped the general ravage.

EDMUND BURKE, *Speech on the Nabob of Arcot's Debts*

THE DEATH OF NELSON

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent, for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not!' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the

ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps

I have not only to lament, in common with the British Navy, and the British Nation, in the Fall of the Commander in Chief, the loss of a Hero, whose name will be immortal, and his memory ever dear to his country; but my heart is rent with the most poignant grief for the death of a friend, to whom, by many years intimacy, and a perfect knowledge of the virtues of his mind, which inspired ideas superior to the common race of men, I was bound by the strongest ties of affection; a grief to which even the glorious occasion in which he fell, does not bring the consolation which, perhaps, it ought: his Lordship received a musket ball in his left breast, about the middle of the action, and sent an Officer to me immediately with his last farewell; and soon after expired.

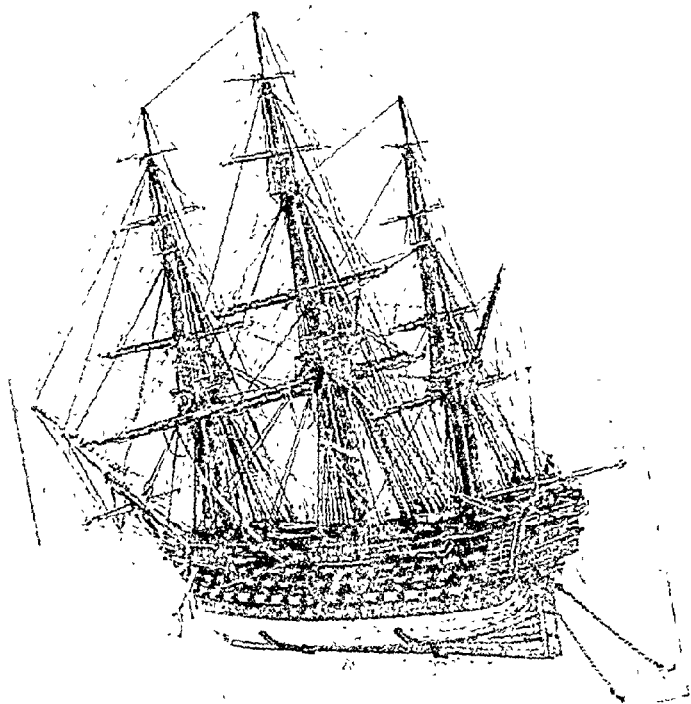
FACSIMILE OF PART OF COLLINGWOOD'S TRAFALGAR DISPATCH
as printed in *The Times*, 1805

would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. . . .

Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and Commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly, but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well!' cried Nelson, 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then in a stronger voice he said: 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor.' Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the

direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed. 'Do you anchor.' His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice. 'Don't throw me overboard!' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings, 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy, take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy!' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said. 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty!' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied. 'God bless you, Hardy!' And Hardy then left him for ever . . .

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity, men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us, and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly indeed had he performed his part that the maritime war after the battle of Trafalgar was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not,



H.M.S. VICTORY
Boat model made by French prisoners

therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him ; the general sorrow was of a higher character The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the Legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour ; whom every tongue would have blessed , whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and ‘ old men from the chimney-corner ’ to look upon Nelson ere he died The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy , for such already was the glory of the British navy through Nelson’s surpassing genius that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas , and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength, for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence

ROBERT SOUTHBY, *The Life of Nelson*

CHARACTER OF NELSON

THE British navy may well have ceased to count its victories It is rich beyond the wildest dreams of success and fame It may well, rather, on a culminating day

‘ old men,’ etc] from Sidney’s *Apology for Poetry*

of its history, cast about for the memory of some reverses to appease the jealous fates which attend the prosperity and triumphs of a nation. It holds, indeed, the heaviest inheritance that has ever been entrusted to the courage and fidelity of armed men.

It is too great for mere pride. It should make the seamen of to-day humble in the secret of their hearts, and indomitable in their unspoken resolution. In all the records of history there has never been a time when a victorious fortune has been so faithful to men making war upon the sea. And it must be confessed that on their part they knew how to be faithful to their victorious fortune. They were exalted. They were always watching for her smile; night or day, fair weather or foul, they waited for her slightest sign with the offering of their stout hearts in their hands. And for the inspiration of this high constancy they were indebted to Lord Nelson alone. Whatever earthly affection he abandoned or grasped, the great Admiral was always, before all, beyond all, a lover of Fame. He loved her jealously, with an inextinguishable ardour and an insatiable desire—he loved her with a masterful devotion and an infinite trustfulness. In the plenitude of his passion he was an exacting lover. And she never betrayed the greatness of his trust! She attended him to the end of his life, and he died pressing her last gift (nineteen prizes) to his heart. ‘Anchor, Hardy—anchor!’ was as much the cry of an ardent lover as of a consummate seaman. Thus he would hug to his breast the last gift of Fame.

It was this ardour which made him great. He was a flaming example to the wooers of glorious fortune. There have been great officers before—Lord Hood, for instance, whom he himself regarded as the greatest sea officer

England ever had. A long succession of great commanders opened the sea to the vast range of Nelson's genius. His time had come; and, after the great sea officers, the great naval tradition passed into the keeping of a great man. Not the least glory of the navy is that it understood Nelson. Lord Hood trusted him. Admiral Keith told him 'We can't spare you either as Captain or Admiral.' Earl St. Vincent put into his hands, untrammelled by orders, a division of his fleet, and Sir Hyde Parker gave him two more ships at Copenhagen than he had asked for. So much for the chiefs, the rest of the navy surrendered to him their devoted affection, trust, and admiration. In return he gave them no less than his own exalted soul. He breathed into them his own ardour and his own ambition. In a few short years he revolutionized, not the strategy or tactics of sea warfare, but the very conception of victory itself. And this is genius. In that alone, through the fidelity of his fortune and the power of his inspiration, he stands unique amongst the leaders of fleets and sailors. He brought heroism into the line of duty. Verily he is a terrible ancestor.

And the men of his day loved him. They loved him not only as victorious armies have loved great commanders, they loved him with a more intimate feeling as one of themselves. In the words of a contemporary, he had 'a most happy way of gaining the affectionate respect of all who had the felicity to serve under his command.'

To be so great and to remain so accessible to the affection of one's fellow-men is the mark of exceptional humanity. Lord Nelson's greatness was very human. It had a moral basis, it needed to feel itself surrounded by the warm devotion of a band of brothers. He was

vain and tender. The love and admiration which the navy gave him so unreservedly soothed the restlessness of his professional pride. He trusted them as much as they trusted him. He was a seaman of seamen. Sir T. B. Martin states that he never conversed with any officer who had served under Nelson 'without hearing the heartiest expressions of attachment to his person and admiration of his frank and conciliatory manner to his subordinates.' And Sir Robert Stopford, who commanded one of the ships with which Nelson chased to the West Indies a fleet nearly double in number, says in a letter: 'We are half-starved and otherwise inconvenienced by being so long out of port, but our reward is that we are with Nelson.'

This heroic spirit of daring and endurance, in which all public and private differences were sunk throughout the whole fleet, is Lord Nelson's great legacy, triply sealed by the victorious impress of the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. This is a legacy whose value the changes of time cannot affect. The men and the ships he knew how to lead lovingly to the work of courage and the reward of glory have passed away, but Nelson's uplifting touch remains in the standard of achievement he has set for all time. The principles of strategy may be immutable. It is certain they have been, and shall be again, disregarded from timidity, from blindness, through infirmity of purpose. The tactics of great captains on land and sea can be infinitely discussed. The first object of tactics is to close with the adversary on terms of the greatest possible advantage; yet no hard-and-fast rules can be drawn from experience, for this capital reason, amongst others—that the quality of the adversary is a variable element in the problem. The tactics of Lord

Nelson have been amply discussed, with much pride and some profit. And yet, truly, they are already of but archaic interest. A very few years more and the hazardous difficulties of handling a fleet under canvas shall have passed beyond the conception of seamen who hold in trust for their country Lord Nelson's legacy of heroic spirit. The change in the character of the ships is too great and too radical. It is good and proper to study the acts of great men with thoughtful reverence, but already the precise intention of Lord Nelson's famous memorandum seems to lie under that veil which Time throws over the clearest conception of every great art. It must not be forgotten that this was the first time when Nelson, commanding in chief, had his opponents under way—the first time and the last. Had he lived, had there been other fleets left to oppose him, we would, perhaps, have learned something more of his greatness as a sea officer. Nothing could have been added to his greatness as a leader. All that can be affirmed is, that on no other day of his short and glorious career was Lord Nelson more splendidly true to his genius and to his country's fortune.

JOSEPH CONRAD, *The Mirror of the Sea*

By kind permission of Messrs Methuen & Co. Ltd.

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN MOORE

SIR JOHN MOORE, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon shot, the shock threw him from his horse with violence, yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in

his front, no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of skin, the ribs over the heart broken, and bared of flesh, the muscles of the breast torn into long stripes, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket his sword got entangled and the hilt entered the wound; Captain Hardinge, a staff officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, '*It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me*'; and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the fight. . . .

From the spot where he fell, the general was carried to the town by his soldiers; his blood flowed fast and the torture of the wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery: he looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, '*No, I feel that to be impossible.*' Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round, that he might behold the field of battle; and when the firing indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction and permitted the bearers to proceed. When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound, there was no hope, the pain increased, he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, '*You know I always wished to die this way.*' Again he asked if the enemy were defeated, and being told they were, said, '*It is a great satisfaction*

to me to know we have beaten the French ' His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear, once only when he spoke of his mother he became agitated ; but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not even in this moment forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion When life was just extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as if anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, '*I hope the people of England will be satisfied* ' *I hope my country will do me justice* ' ' In a few minutes afterwards he died, and his corpse, wrapped in a military cloak, was interred by the officers of his staff in the citadel of Coruña The guns of the enemy paid his funeral honours, and Soult with a noble feeling of respect for his valour raised a monument to his memory on the field of battle

Thus ended the career of Sir John Moore, a man whose uncommon capacity was sustained by the purest virtue, and governed by a disinterested patriotism more in keeping with the primitive than the luxurious age of a great nation His tall graceful person, his dark searching eyes, strongly defined forehead, and singularly expressive mouth, indicated a noble disposition and a refined understanding The lofty sentiments of honour habitual to his mind, were adorned by a subtle playful wit, which gave him in conversation an ascendancy he always preserved by the decisive vigour of his actions He maintained the right with a vehemence bordering upon fierceness, and every important transaction in which he was engaged increased his reputation for talent, and confirmed his character as a stern enemy to vice, a steadfast friend to merit, a just and faithful servant of his country The honest loved him, the dishonest feared

him. For while he lived he did not shun, but scorned and spurned the base, and with characteristic propriety they spurned at him when he was dead.

A soldier from his earliest youth, Moore thirsted for the honours of his profession. He knew himself worthy to lead a British army, and hailed the fortune which placed him at the head of the troops destined for Spain. As the stream of time passed the inspiring hopes of triumph disappeared, but the austerer glory of suffering remained, and with a firm heart he accepted that gift of a severe fate. Confident in the strength of his genius, he disregarded the clamours of presumptuous ignorance. Opposing sound military views to the foolish projects so insolently thrust upon him by the ambassador, he conducted his long and arduous retreat with sagacity, intelligence, and fortitude; no insult disturbed, no falsehood deceived him, no remonstrance shook his determination; fortune frowned without subduing his constancy; death struck, but the spirit of the man remained unbroken when his shattered body scarcely afforded it a habitation. Having done all that was just towards others, he remembered what was due to himself. Neither the shock of the mortal blow, nor the lingering hours of acute pain which preceded his dissolution, could quell the pride of this gallant heart, or lower the dignified feeling with which, conscious of merit, he at the last moment asserted his right to the gratitude of the country he had served so truly.

If glory be a distinction, for such a man death is not a leveller!

Sir W. F. P. NAPIER,
History of the War in the Peninsula, Vol. I.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AFTER CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lanthorn dimly burning

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE

THE BRITISH SOLDIER

THAT the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue and wet and the extremes of cold and heat with incredible vigour. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his port is lofty and his movements free, the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing: nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not indeed possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commanders, or even to censure real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in danger, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of imminent peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution uninspired by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields where every helmet caught some beams of glory, but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy. No honours awaited his daring, no despatch gave his name to the applauses of his countrymen, his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope, his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure with surpassing fortitude the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrow with incredible

energy every opponent, and at all times prove, that while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honour was also full and fresh within him !

SIR W. F. P. NAPIER

History of the War in the Peninsula

THE EVE OF WATERLOO

THREE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell,
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell !

Did we not hear it ?—No, 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
No sleep till morn' when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain, he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear,

a sound of revelry | On 15th June, 1815, the Duchess of Richmond gave a ball in Brussels Quatre-Bras where the Duke of Brunswick fell, was fought on the 16th, Waterloo not till the 18th

And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—' The foe ! they come !
they come ! '

And wild and high the ' Cameron's gathering ' rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears !

Albyn's hills] the Highlands of Scotland.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught manimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next venture, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low

Last noon behold them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

LORD BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

WELLINGTON AT WATERLOO

LASTLY, it must be repeated that throughout the long agony of eight terrible hours the Allied line was literally pervaded by Wellington. Wherever danger threatened, there was the thorough-bred chestnut horse and the erect figure in the saddle, wearing the low cocked hat, with the colours of Spain, Portugal, and the Netherlands on the cockade, short blue cloak over a blue frock-coat and white leathers—the keen grey eyes always alert, the mouth inflexibly firm, and the expression unchangeably serene. Now he was heartening some hardly-pressed British battalion, now rallying some broken auxiliaries, now leading some young Hanoverians from the second line into the first, and in the lull, when the musketry

was silent and the French artillery was tearing up the front, he would send his staff to the reverse slope and, attended by one officer only, would stand in the full



FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

tempest of shot and shell gazing at the French troops on the other side of the valley. He was one who was never demonstrative in any circumstances, who said

little and was sparing of gesture But his mere presence diffused an atmosphere of calm and confidence, and all who were aware of it thanked God and took courage His eye too was everywhere It caught sight of a French gun-carriage flying to splinters under the blow of an English shot, and away flew an aide-de-camp to place under arrest the commander of a battery who had dared to fire at guns when the order was to fire only at men Without Wellington the Allied line could never have endured to the end, and he was in a modest way aware of it 'It has been a damned nice thing,' he told Creevey next day, 'the nearest run thing that ever you saw in your life By God,' he added, as if thinking aloud, 'I don't think it would have been done if I had not been there'

HON. SIR JOHN W. FORTESCUE, *History of the British Army*

By kind permission of the author and Messrs Macmillan & Co., Ltd

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

[Wellington was buried beside Nelson in St Paul's Cathedral]

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest ?
Mighty seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes,
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea,
His foes were thine, he kept us free ;

O give him welcome, this is he,
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee ;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gain'd a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun :
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clash'd with his fiery few and won ;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day.
Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his labour'd rampart lines.
Where he greatly stood at bay.
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Follow'd up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings ;

Assaye] in the Deccan. Here, in 1803, Wellington crushed the
Mahrattas.

treble works] the line of Torres Vedras.

THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON

Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
A day of onsets of despair !
Dash'd on every rocky square
Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
Mighty seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

THE BALACLAVA CHARGE

October 25, 1854

AFTER their repulse in the plain of Balaclava by the Highlanders, two deep,—‘that thin red streak topped by a line of steel,’—and by the heavy brigade, the Russian cavalry retired. Their infantry at the same time fell back towards the head of the valley, leaving men in three of the redoubts they had taken, and abandoning the fourth. They had also placed some guns on the heights over their position on the left of the gorge. Their cavalry joined the reserves, and drew up in six solid divisions, in an oblique line, across the entrance to the gorge. Six battalions of infantry were placed behind them, and about thirty guns were drawn up along their line, while masses of infantry were also collected on the hills behind the redoubts on our right. Our cavalry had moved up to the ridge across the valley on our left, and had halted there, as the ground was broken in front.

And now occurred the melancholy catastrophe which fills us all with sorrow. It appears that the Quarter-master-General, Brigadier Airey, thinking that the light cavalry had not gone far enough in front when the enemy’s horse had fled, gave an order in writing to Captain Nolan, 15th Hussars, to take to Lord Lucan, directing his Lordship ‘to advance’ his cavalry nearer to the enemy. A braver soldier than Captain Nolan the army did not possess. He rode off with the order to Lord Lucan. (He is now dead and gone: God forbid that I should cast a shade on the brightness of his honour, but I am bound to state what I am told occurred when he reached his lordship.)

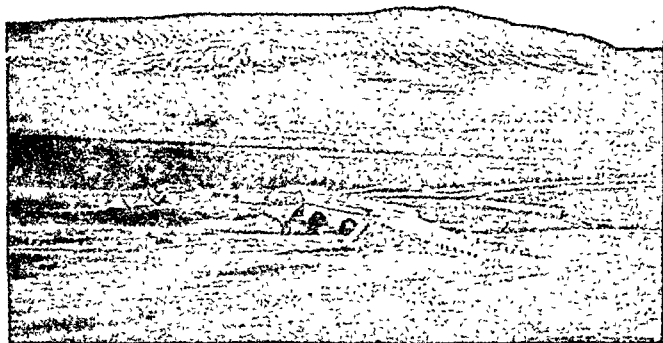
THE BALACLAVA CHARGE

When Lord Lucan received the order from Captain Nolan, and had read it, he asked, we are told, 'Where are we to advance to?' Captain Nolan pointed with his finger to the line of the Russians, and said, 'There are the enemy, and there are the guns, sir, before them, it is your duty to take them,'—or words to that effect. Lord Lucan, with reluctance, gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble earl, though he did not shrink, also saw the fearful odds against them. Don Quixote, in his tilt against the windmill, was not nearly so rash and reckless as the gallant fellows who prepared without a thought to rush on almost certain death.

It is a maxim of war, that 'cavalry never act without a support', that 'infantry should be close at hand when cavalry carry guns, as the effect is only instantaneous', and that it is necessary to have on the flank of a line of cavalry some squadrons in column, the attack on the flank being most dangerous. The only support our light cavalry had was the reserve of heavy cavalry at a great distance behind them, the infantry and guns being far in the rear. There were no squadrons in column at all, and there was a plain to charge over, before the enemy's guns could be reached, of a mile and a half in length.

At ten minutes past eleven our light cavalry brigade advanced. The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment according to the numbers of continental armies, and yet it was more than we could spare. As they rushed towards the front, the Russians opened on them, from the guns in the redoubt on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles. They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war.

We could scarcely believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men are not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was but too true. Their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called better part—discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed upon the enemy. A more fearful spectacle



THE BATTLEFIELD OF BALACLAVA

From a contemporary photograph

was never witnessed than by those who beheld these heroes rushing to the arms of Death.

At the distance of twelve hundred yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth from thirty iron mouths a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line is broken—it is joined by the second—they never halt, or check their speed an instant. With diminished ranks,

thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death-cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries but ere they were lost from view the plain was strewn with their bodies, and with the carcasses of horses.

They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry. Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing, as they rode up to the guns and dashed into their midst, cutting down the gunners where they stood. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said to our delight we saw them returning after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering it like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and riderless horses flying towards us told the sad tale. Demi-gods could not have done what they had failed to do.

At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of Lancers was hurled on their flank. Colonel Shewell, of the 8th Hussars, saw the danger, and rode his few men straight at them, cutting his way through with fearful loss. The other regiments turned, and engaged in a desperate encounter. With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocity without parallel in the modern warfare of civilised nations.

The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over

them ; and, to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name, the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin !

It was as much as our heavy cavalry brigade could do to cover the retreat of the miserable remnants of the band of heroes as they returned to the place they had so lately quitted. At thirty-five minutes past eleven not a British soldier, except the dead and the dying, was left in front of those guns.

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL.

By kind permission of Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

‘ Forward, the Light Brigade !

Charge for the guns ! ’ he said :

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

‘ Forward, the Light Brigade ! ’

Was there a man dismay’d ?

Not tho’ the soldier knew

Some one had blunder’d :

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die :

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them

Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ,
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd ,
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE

THE driven and defeated line stood at last almost under the walls of Paris ; and the world waited for the doom of the city. The gates seemed to stand open : and the Prussian was to ride into it for the third and the last time : for the end of its long epic of Liberty and equality was come. And still the very able and very French individual on whom rested the last hope of the seemingly hopeless Alliance stood unruffled as a rock, in every angle of his sky-blue jacket and his bulldog figure. He had called his bewildered soldiers back when they had broken the invasion at Guise : he had silently digested the responsibility of dragging on the retreat, as in despair, to the last desperate leagues before the capital : and he stood and watched. And even as he watched the whole huge invasion swerved.

Out through Paris and out and round beyond Paris, other men in dim blue coats swung out in long lines upon the plain, slowly folding upon Von Kluck like blue wings. Von Kluck stood an instant ; and then, flinging a few secondary forces to delay the wing that was swinging round on him, dashed across the Allies' line at a desperate angle, to smash it in the centre as with a hammer. It

was less desperate than it seemed, for he counted, and might well count, on the moral and physical bankruptcy of the British line and the end of the French line immediately in front of him, which for six days and nights he had chased before him like autumn leaves before a whirlwind. Not unlike autumn leaves, red-stained, dust-hued, and tattered, they lay there as if swept into a corner. But even as their conquerors wheeled eastwards, their bugles blew the charge, and the English went forward through the wood that is called Crecy, and stamped it with their seal for the second time, in the highest moment of all the secular history of man.

But it was not now the Crecy in which English and French knights had met in a more coloured age, in a battle that was rather a tournament. It was a league of all knights for the remains of all knighthood, of all brotherhood in arms or in arts, against that which is and has been radically unknightly and radically unbrotherly from the beginning. Much was to happen after—murder and flaming folly and madness in earth and sea and sky, but all men knew in their hearts that the third Prussian thrust had failed, and Christendom was delivered once more. The empire of blood and iron rolled slowly back towards the darkness of the northern forests, and the great nations of the West went forward; where side by side as after a long lover's quarrel, went the ensigns of St Denys and St George.

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON *The Crimes of England*

By kind permission of the author and Mr Cecil Palmer

III

A LETTER ON ROAST PIG

March 9th, 1822.

DEAR COLERIDGE,—It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well : they are interesting creatures at a certain age. What a pity such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon ! You had all some of the crackling and brain sauce. Did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis ? Was the crackling the colour of the ripe pomegranate ? Had you no complement of boiled neck of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire ? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it ? Not that *I* sent the pig, or can form the remotest guess what part Owen could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in my life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig, after all, was meant for me ; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an honest truth, a pig is one of those things which I could never think of sending away. Teal, widgeon, snipes, barn-door fowls, ducks, geese—your tame villatic things—Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon fresh or pickled, your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self-extended ; but pardon me if I stop some-

where Where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity, there my friends (or any good man) may command me ; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child—when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me In my way home through the Borough I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, but thereabouts, a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner, and in the coxcombr of taught charity I gave away the cake to him I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me, the sum it was to her, the pleasure she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake, the ingratitude by which, under the colour of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like, and I was right It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after

But when Providence, who is better to us than all our aunts gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavour to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor's purpose

Yours (short of pig), to command in every thing

CHARLES LAMB

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

I AM one of those, who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. 'Presents,' I often say, 'endear Absents.' Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those 'tame villatic fowl'), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, 'give every thing.' I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightly, (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what) a blessing so particularly adapted, predestinated, I may say, to my individual palate. It argues an insensibility.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweet-meat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum-cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a grey-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, school-boy like, I

'tame villatic fowl'] from *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1695.

made him a present of—the whole cake ! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction, but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger, that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew, and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I—I myself, and not another—would eat her nice cake—and what should I say to her the next time I saw her—how naughty I was to part with her pretty present—and the odour of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last—and I blamed my impertinent spirit of alms-giving and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness, and above all I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old grey impostor

CHARLES LAMB, *Essays of Elia*

SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNORSHIP

[Don Quixote, a noble Spanish gentleman, crazed with reading romances of chivalry, rides forth in quest of adventures, attended by a clownish squire called Sancho Panza. The Duke of Villahermosa, in sport, pretends to appoint Sancho governor of an island. The following extract shows how he acquitted himself in that office.]

SANCHO, with all his attendants, came to a town that had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the best where the duke had any power. They gave him

to understand that the name of the place was the Island of Barataria, either because the town was called Baratario, or because the government cost him so cheap. As soon as he came to the gates (for it was walled) the chief officers and inhabitants, in their formalities, came out to receive him, the bells rung, and all the people gave general demonstrations of their joy. The new governor was then carried in mighty pomp to the great church, to give Heaven thanks; and, after some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered him the keys of the gates, and received him as perpetual governor of the Island of Barataria. In the meantime, the garb, the port, the huge beard, and the short and thick shape of the new governor, made every one who knew nothing of the jest wonder; and even those who were privy to the plot, who were many, were not a little surprised.

In short, from the church they carried him to the court of justice; where, when they had placed him in his seat, 'My Lord Governor,' said the Duke's steward to him, 'it is an ancient custom here, that he who takes possession of this famous island must answer to some difficult and intricate question that is propounded to him; and, by the return he makes, the people feel the pulse of his understanding, and, by an estimate of his abilities, judge whether they ought to rejoice or to be sorry for his coming.'

All the while the steward was speaking, Sancho was staring on an inscription in large characters on the wall over against his seat; and, as he could not read, he asked, what was the meaning of that which he saw painted there upon the wall? 'Sir,' said they, 'it is an account of the day when your lordship took possession

so cheap] In Old Spanish *barato* = (a) cheap, (b) a hoax.

of this island, and the inscription runs thus. "This day, being such a day of this month, in such a year, the Lord Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, which may he long enjoy "' And who is he ?' asked Sancho. 'Your lordship,' answered the steward; 'for we know of no other Panza in this island but yourself, who now sit in this chair' 'Well, friend,' said Sancho, '*pray take notice that Don does not belong to me, nor was it borne by any of my family before me. Plain Sancho Panza is my name my father was called Sancho, my grandfather Sancho, and all of us have been Panzas, without any Don or Donna added to our name. Now do I already guess your Dons are as thick as stones in this island But it is enough that Heaven knows my meaning if my government happens to last but four days to an end, it shall go hard but I will clear the island of these swarms of Dons that must needs be as troublesome as so many flesh-flies Come, now for your question good Mr Steward and I will answer it as well as I can whether the town be sorry or pleased*'

At the same instant two men came into the court, the one dressed like a country fellow, the other looked like a tailor, with a pair of shears in his hand 'If it please you my lord' said the tailor, 'I and this farmer are come before your worship This honest man came to my shop yesterday, for, saving your presence, I am a tailor and Heaven be praised, free of my company; so my lord he showed me a piece of cloth "Sir," quoth he, "is there enough of this to make a cap?" Whereupon I measured the stuff, and answered him, "Yes, if it like your worship" Now, as I imagined, do you see, he could not but imagine (and perhaps he imagined right enough)

free of my company] a full member of the guild of tailors,

that I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth, judging hard of us honest tailors. "Prythee," quoth he, "look there be not enough for two caps?" Now I smelt him out, and told him there was. Whereupon the old knave, (if it like your worship,) going on to the same tune, bid me look again, and see whether it would not make three? And at last, if it would not make five? I was resolved to humour my customer, and said it might; so we struck a bargain.

'Just now the man is come for his caps, which I gave him; but when I asked him for my money he will have me give him his cloth again, or pay him for it.' 'Is this true, honest man?' said Sancho to the farmer. 'Yes, if it please you,' answered the fellow; 'but let him show the five caps he has made me.' 'With all my heart,' cried the tailor; and with that, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he held up five little tiny caps, hanging upon his four fingers and thumb, as upon so many pins. 'There,' said he, 'you see the five caps this good gaffer asks for; and may I never whip a stitch more if I have wronged him of the least snip of his cloth, and let any workman be judge.' The sight of the caps, and the oddness of the cause, set the whole court a-laughing. Only Sancho sat gravely considering awhile, and then, 'Methinks,' said he, 'this suit here needs not be long depending, but may be decided without any more ado, with a great deal of equity; and, therefore, the judgement of the court is, that the tailor shall lose his making, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given to the poor prisoners, and so let there be an end of the business.'

If this sentence provoked the laughter of the whole court, the next no less raised their admiration. For,

after the governor's order was executed, two old men appeared before him, one of them with a large cane in *his hand, which he used as a staff* 'My lord,' said the other, who had none, 'some time ago I lent this man ten gold crowns to do him a kindness, which money he was to repay me on demand I did not ask him for it again in a good while, lest it should prove a greater inconvenience to him to repay me than he laboured under when he borrowed it However, perceiving that he took no care to pay me, I have asked him for my due; nay, I have been forced to dun him hard for it. But still he did not only refuse to pay me again, but denied he owed me anything, and said, "that if I lent him so much money he certainly returned it" Now, because I have no witnesses of the loan, nor he of the pretended payment, I beseech your lordship to put him to his oath, and if he will swear he has paid me, I will freely forgive him before God and the world' 'What say you to this, old gentleman with the staff?' asked Sancho 'Sir,' answered the old man, 'I own he lent me the gold, and since he requires my oath, I beg you will be pleased to hold down your rod of justice, that I may swear upon it how I have honestly and truly returned him his money' Thereupon the Governor held down his rod, and in the meantime the defendant gave his cane to the plaintiff to hold, as if it hindered him, while he was to make a cross and swear over the judge's rod *this done*, he declared that it was true the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had really returned the same sum into his own hands, and that, because he supposed the plaintiff had forgotten it, he was continually asking him for it The great Governor, hearing this, asked the creditor what he had to reply? He made answer, that

since his adversary had sworn it he was satisfied ; for he believed him to be a better Christian than offer to forswear himself, and that perhaps he had forgotten he



SANCHO PANZA PRONOUNCING JUDGEMENT

had been repaid. Then the defendant took his cane again, and, having made a low obeisance to the judge, was immediately leaving the court ; which when Sancho perceived, reflecting on the passage of the cane, and admiring the creditor's patience, after he had studied

desire no more myself ; yet still they seem discontented. I'm surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious ; I'm surprised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences ; let me assure you, sir, they are impostors, every one of them ; and rather merit a prison than relief.'

He was proceeding in this strain earnestly, to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession to support a dying wife and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me ; but it was quite otherwise with the Man in Black ; I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before ; he threw in some episodes

on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors; he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars, were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggarmen. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing *our limbs*. *I was for going on without taking any notice*, but my friend, looking wistfully upon the poor petitioner, bade me stop, and he would show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor.

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment; he had not a single question more to ask, he now only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches, but not waiting for a reply, desired in a surly tone to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollecting himself, and presenting his whole bundle—'Here, master,' says he, 'take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.'

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase; he assured me that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied; he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch who in the deepest distress still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding; his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted; upon this occasion his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence, he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her; but guess his confusion, when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length, recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A PORTRAIT

BUT, after all said, it was in his dealings with children that the best and sweetest side of his personality was manifested. With them he became completely tender, inexhaustibly interested in their interests, absurdly patient, and as careful as a mother. No child ever resisted him, or even dreamed of doing so. From the first moment they loved his white hair and beard, his 'feathers' as one little thing called them. They liked the touch of his thin hand, which was never wet or cold, and, holding to it, were always ready to walk with him—wandering with complete unanimity, not knowing quite where or for what reason. How often have I not watched him starting out on that high adventure with his grandson, his face turned gravely down towards a small face turned not quite so gravely up; and heard their voices tremendously concerned with all the things they might be going to do together! How often have I not seen them coming back as tired as cats, but still concerned about what was next going to happen! And children were always willing to play cricket with him because he bowled to them very slowly, pitching up what he called 'three-quarter' balls, and himself always getting 'out' almost before he went in. For, though he became in his later years a great connoisseur of cricket, spending many days at Lord's or the Oval, choosing out play of the very highest class, and quite impatient of the Eton and Harrow match, he still performed in a somewhat rococo fashion, as of a man taught

Lord's or the Oval] two famous London cricket grounds

in the late twenties of the last century, and having occasion to revive that knowledge about 1895. He bent his knee back, and played with a perfectly crooked bat, to the end that when he did hit the ball, which was not too often, it invariably climbed the air. There was, too, about his batting, a certain vein of recklessness or bravado, somewhat out of keeping with his general character, so that, as has been said, he was never in too long. And when he got out he would pitch the bat down as if he were annoyed, which would hugely please his grandson, showing of course that he had been trying his very best, as, indeed, he generally had. But his bowling was extremely impressive, being effected with very bent knees, and a general air of first putting the ball to the eye, as if he were playing bowls; in this way he would go on and on giving the boy 'an innings,' and getting much too hot. In fielding he never could remember on the spur of the moment whether it was his knees or his feet that he ought to close; and this, in combination with a habit of bending rather cautiously, because he was liable to lumbago, detracted somewhat from his brilliance; but when the ball was once in his hands, it was most exciting—impossible to tell whether he would throw it at the running batsman, the wicket, or the bowler, according as the game appeared to him at the moment to be double wicket, single wicket, or rounders. He had lived in days when games were not the be-all and end-all of existence, and had never acquired a proper seriousness in such matters. Those who passed from cricket with him to cricket in the cold wide world found a change for which at first they were unable to account. But even more fascinating to children than his way of playing cricket was his perfect identification with what-

ever might be the matter in hand. The examination of a shell, the listening to the voice of the sea imprisoned in it, the making of a cocked hat out of *The Times* newspaper, the doing up of little buttons, the feeding of pigeons with crumbs, the holding fast of a tiny leg while walking beside a pony, all these things absorbed him completely, so that no visible trace was left of the man whose judgement on affairs was admirable and profound. Nor, whatever the provocation, could he ever bring himself to point the moral of anything to a child, having that utter toleration of their foibles which only comes from a natural and perfectly unconscious love of being with them. His face, habitually tranquil, wore in their presence a mellow look of almost devil-may-care serenity.

Their sayings, too, he treasured as though they were pearls. First poems, such as

‘ I sorr a worm
It was half ly dead ,
I took a great spud
And speared through his head,’

were to him of singular fair promise. Their diagnoses of character, moreover, especially after visiting a circus, filled him with pure rapture, and he would frequently repeat this one

‘ Father, is Uncle a clever man ? ’

‘ H’m ! well—yes, certainly ’

‘ I never seen no specimens. He can’t balance a pole on his nose, for instance ’

To the declining benison of their prayers, from their ‘ darling father and mother,’ to ‘ all poor people who are in distress,’ he loved to listen, not so much for the sentiments expressed, as because, in their little night-gowns,

they looked so sweet, and were so roundabout in their way of getting to work.

Yes, children were of all living things his chosen friends, and they knew it.

JOHN GALSWORTHY, *A Motley.*

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THE VILLAGE PREACHER

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wished to change his place ;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain ;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ,
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ,
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*

MY OWN LIFE

. . . I RETURNED to Edinburgh in 1769, very opulent, (for I possessed a revenue of one thousand pounds a year), healthy, and though somewhat stricken in years, with the prospect of enjoying long my ease, and of seeing the increase of my reputation.

In spring, 1775, I was struck with a disorder in my bowels, which at first gave me no alarm, but has since, as I apprehend it, become mortal and incurable. I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder : and, what is more strange, have, notwithstanding the great decline in my person, never suffered a moment's abatement of my spirits ; insomuch, that were I to name a period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardour as ever in study, and the same gaiety in company. I consider, besides, that a man of sixty-five, by dying, cuts off only a few years of infirmities ; and though I see many symptoms of my literary reputation's breaking out at last with additional lustre, I know that I could have but few years to enjoy it. It is difficult to be more detached from life than I am at present.

DAVID HUME, *Autobiography*.

LAST DAYS OF DAVID HUME

[Hume wrote the above in April, 1776. At the end of that month he set out for England, to try what change of air would do. The end is told by his friend, Adam Smith.]

HE was advised to go to Bath to drink the waters, which appeared for some time to have so good an effect upon him, that even he himself began to entertain, what he

was not apt to do, a better opinion of his own health. His symptoms, however, soon returned with their usual violence, and from that moment he gave up all thoughts of recovery, but submitted with the utmost cheerfulness, and the most perfect complacency and resignation. Upon his return to Edinburgh, though he found himself much weaker, yet his cheerfulness never abated, and he continued to divert himself, as usual, with reading books of amusement, with the conversation of his friends; and, sometimes in the evening, with a party at his favourite game of whist. His cheerfulness was so great, and his conversation and amusements ran so much in their usual strain, that, notwithstanding all bad symptoms, many people could not believe he was dying. 'I shall tell your friend, Colonel Edmonstone,' said Dr Dundas to him one day, 'that I left you much better, and in a fair way of recovery.' 'Doctor,' said he, 'as I believe you would not choose to tell anything but the truth, you had better tell him that I am dying as fast as my enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily and cheerfully as my best friends could desire.' Colonel Edmonstone soon afterwards came to see him, and take leave of him, and on his way home he could not forbear writing him a letter, bidding him once more an eternal adieu, and applying to him, as to a dying man, the beautiful French verses in which the Abbé Chaulieu, in expectation of his own death, laments his approaching separation from his friend the Marquis de la Fare. Mr Hume's magnanimity and firmness were such, that his most affectionate friends knew that they hazarded nothing in talking or writing to him as to a dying man, and that so far from being hurt by this frankness, he was rather pleased and flattered by it. I happened to

come into his room while he was reading this letter, which he had just received, and which he immediately showed me. I told him, that though I was sensible how



DAVID HUME

very much he was weakened, and that appearances were in many respects very bad, yet his cheerfulness was still so great, the spirit of life seemed still to be so very strong in him, that I could not help entertaining some faint hopes. He answered, 'Your hopes are groundless.

When I lie down in the evening, I feel myself weaker than when I rose in the morning; and when I rise in the morning, weaker than when I lay down in the evening I am sensible, besides, that some of my vital parts are affected, so that I must soon die' 'Well,' said I, 'if it must be so, you have at least the satisfaction of leaving all your friends, your brother's family in particular, in great prosperity' He said that he felt that satisfaction so sensibly, that when he was reading, a few days before, Lucian's *Dialogues of the Dead*, among all the excuses which are alleged to Charon for not entering readily into his boat, he could not find one that fitted him he had no house to finish, he had no daughter to provide for, he had no enemies upon whom he wished to revenge himself 'I could not well imagine,' said he, 'what excuse I could make to Charon in order to obtain a little delay I have done every thing of consequence which I ever meant to do, and I could at no time expect to leave my relations and friends in a better situation than that in which I am now likely to leave them I, therefore, have all reason to die contented' He then diverted himself with inventing several jocular excuses, which he supposed he might make to Charon, and with imagining the very surly answers which it might suit the character of Charon to return to them 'Upon further consideration,' said he, 'I thought I might say to him, "Good Charon, I have been correcting my works for a new edition Allow me a little time, that I may see how the public receives the alterations" But Charon would answer, "When you have seen the effect of these, you

Lucian] a Greek satirist

Charon] in Greek mythology, the ferryman who ferries the souls of the dead over the river Styx to Hades

will be for making other alterations. There will be no end of such excuses ; so, honest friend, please step into the boat." But I might still urge, "Have a little patience, good Charon : I have been endeavouring to open the eyes of the public. If I live a few years longer, I may have the satisfaction of seeing the downfall of some of the prevailing systems of superstition." But Charon would then lose all temper and decency. "You loitering rogue, that will not happen these many hundred years. Do you fancy I will grant you a leave for so long a term ? Get into the boat this instant, you lazy, loitering rogue." "

[Hume died on August 25th, "in such a happy composure of mind, that nothing could exceed it"; and Adam Smith concludes—]

Thus died our most excellent and never to be forgotten friend ; concerning whose philosophical opinions men will, no doubt, judge variously, every one approving or condemning them, according as they happen to coincide or disagree with his own, but concerning whose character and conduct there can scarce be a difference of opinion. His temper, indeed, seemed to be more happily balanced, if I may be allowed such an expression, than that perhaps of any other man I have ever known. Even in the lowest state of his fortune, his great and necessary frugality never hindered him from exercising, upon proper occasions, acts both of charity and generosity. It was a frugality founded not upon avarice, but upon the love of independency. The extreme gentleness of his nature never weakened either the firmness of his mind or the steadiness of his resolutions. His constant pleasantry was the genuine effusion of good nature and good humour, tempered with delicacy and modesty, and without even the slightest tincture of malignity, so

frequently the disagreeable source of what is called wit in other men. It never was the meaning of his raillery to mortify, and therefore, far from offending, it seldom failed to please and delight, even those who were frequently the objects of it, there was not perhaps any one of all his great and amiable qualities which contributed more to endear his conversation. And that gaiety of temper, so agreeable in society, but which is so often accompanied with frivolous and superficial qualities, was in him certainly attended with the most severe application, the most extensive learning, the greatest depth of thought, and a capacity in every respect the most comprehensive. Upon the whole, I have always considered him, both in his life-time and since his death, as approaching as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit.

ADAM SMITH, *Letter to William Strahan*

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES

[In 399 B.C. the Athenian philosopher Socrates was unjustly accused of heresy and condemned to death. Condemned persons were put to death in Athens by being made to drink a decoction of hemlock, a narcotic poison. Socrates spent his last day in conversing with his friends and disciples concerning the immortality of the soul. One of these disciples thus describes the end.]

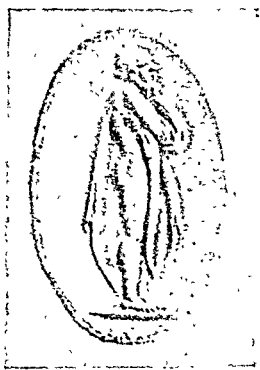
WHEN he had spoken these words, he arose and went into a chamber to bathe, Crito followed him and told us to wait. So we remained behind, talking and thinking of the subject of discourse, and also of the greatness of our sorrow, he was like a father of whom we were being bereaved, and we were about to pass the rest of our lives as orphans. When he had taken the bath his children

were brought to him—(he had two young sons and an elder one); and the women of his family also came, and he talked to them and gave them a few directions in the presence of Crito ; then he dismissed them and returned to us.

Now the hour of sunset was near, for a good deal of time had passed while he was within. When he came out, he sat down with us again after his bath, but not much was said. Soon the jailer, who was the servant of the Eleven, entered and stood by him, saying: 'To you, Socrates, whom I know to be the noblest and gentlest and best of all who ever came to this place, I will not impute the angry feelings of other men, who rage and swear at me, when, in obedience to the authorities, I bid them drink the poison—indeed, I am sure that you will not be angry with me ; for others, as you are aware, and not I, are to blame. And so fare you well, and try to bear lightly what must needs be—you know my errand.' Then bursting into tears, he turned away, and went out.

Socrates looked at him and said : ' I return your good wishes, and will do as you bid.' Then turning to us, he said, ' How charming the man is : since I have been in prison he has always been coming to see me, and at times he would talk to me, and was as good to me as could be, and now see how generously he sorrows on my account. We must do as he says, Crito ; and therefore let the cup

the Eleven] the Police Magistrates of Athens.



SOCRATES

be brought, if the poison is prepared if not, let the attendant prepare some '

' Yet,' said Crito, ' the sun is still upon the hill-tops, and I know that many a one has taken the draught late, and after the announcement has been made to him, he has eaten and drunk, do not hurry—there is time enough '

Socrates said ' Yes, Crito, and they of whom you speak are right in so acting, for they think that they will be gainers by the delay, but I am right in not following their example, for I do not think that I should gain anything by drinking the poison a little later; I should only be ridiculous in my own eyes for sparing and saving a life which is already forfeit Please then to do as I say, and not to refuse me '

Crito made a sign to the servant, who was standing by, and he went out, and having been absent for some time, returned with the jailer carrying the cup of poison. Socrates said ' You, my good friend, who are experienced in these matters, shall give me directions how I am to proceed ' The man answered ' You have only to walk about until your legs are heavy, and then to lie down, and the poison will act ' At the same time he handed the cup to Socrates, who in the easiest and gentlest manner, without the least fear or change of colour or feature, looking at the man with all his eyes, as his manner was, took the cup and said ' What do you say about making a libation out of this cup to any god? May I, or not? ' The man answered ' We only prepare, Socrates, just as much as we deem enough ' ' I understand,' he said, ' but I may and must ask the gods to prosper my journey from this to the other world—even so—and so be it according to my prayer ' Then raising the cup to his lips, quite readily and cheerfully

he drank off the poison. And hitherto most of us had been able to control our sorrow ; but now when we saw him drinking, and saw too that he had finished the draught, we could no longer forbear, and in spite of myself my own tears were flowing fast ; so that I covered my face and wept, not for him, but at the thought of my own calamity in having to part from such a friend. Nor was I the first ; for Crito, when he found himself unable to restrain his tears, had got up, and I followed ; and at that moment, Apollodorus, who had been weeping all the time, broke out in a loud and passionate cry which made cowards of us all. Socrates alone retained his calmness : ‘ What is this strange outcry ? ’ he said. ‘ I sent away the women mainly in order that they might not misbehave in this way, for I have been told that a man should die in peace. Be quiet, then, and have patience.’ When we heard his words we were ashamed, and refrained our tears ; and he walked about until, as he said, his legs began to fail, and then he lay on his back, according to the directions, and the man who gave him the poison now and then looked at his feet and legs ; and after a while he pressed his foot hard, and asked him if he could feel ; and he said, ‘ No ’ ; and then his leg, and so upwards and upwards, and showed us that he was cold and stiff. And he felt them himself, and said : ‘ When the poison reaches the heart, that will be the end.’ He was beginning to grow cold about the groin, when he uncovered his face, for he had covered himself up, and said—these were his last words—he said : ‘ Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius ; will you remember to pay the debt ? ’ ‘ The debt shall be paid,’ said Crito ; ‘ is there anything else ? ’ There was no answer to this question ;

Asclepius] the God of Medicine.

others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, *Life of Sir Walter Scott*.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life : and passing from one thought to another, ' Surely,' said I, ' man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius ; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard

that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'—'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'—'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.'—'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?'—'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.'—'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.'—'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.'—'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is human life, consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-

score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches : but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me farther,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.'—'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay close together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture,

and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches'—'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good

genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. ‘The islands,’ said he, ‘that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled

My senses yielding to the sultry air,
Sleep seized me, and I passed into a dream.
I saw before me stretched a boundless plain
Of sandy wilderness, all black and void,
And as I looked around, distress and fear
Came creeping over me, when at my side,
Close at my side, an uncouth shape appeared
Upon a dromedary, mounted high,
He seemed an Arab of the Bedouin tribes :
A lance he bore, and underneath one arm
A stone, and in the opposite hand a shell
Of a surpassing brightness. At the sight
Much I rejoiced, not doubting but a guide
Was present, one who with unerring skill
Would through the desert lead me ; and while yet
I looked and looked, self-questioned what this freight
Which the new-comer carried through the waste
Could mean, the Arab told me that the stone
(To give it in the language of the dream)
Was ' Euclid's Elements ' ; and ' This,' said he,
' Is something of more worth ' ; and at the word
Stretched forth the shell, so beautiful in shape,
In colour so resplendent, with command
That I should hold it to my ear. I did so,
And heard that instant in an unknown tongue,
Which yet I understood, articulate sounds,
A loud prophetic blast of harmony ;
An Ode, in passion uttered, which foretold
Destruction to the children of the earth
By deluge, now at hand. No sooner ceased
The song, than the Arab with calm look declared
That all would come to pass of which the voice
Had given forewarning, and that he himself
Was going then to bury those two books :
The one that held acquaintance with the stars,
And wedded soul to soul in purest bond
Of reason, undisturbed by space or time ;

IV

COURSING

AND when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
 Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
 How he outruns the wind, and with what care
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
 The many musits through the which he goes
 Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keep.
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell.
 And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
 Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,
 The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
 Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
 With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
 Then do they give their mouths : Echo replies,
 As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
 Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
 To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
 Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
 And now his grief may be comparèd well
 To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

cranks] twists.
 amaze] perplex.
 sorteth] consorteth.
 Wat] the hare.

musits] gaps in hedges.
 conies] rabbits.
 cold fault] lost scent.
 passing-bell] bell tolled for a death.

day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility ; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

'My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind.
So flu'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapt like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells.
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.'

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down ; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed

stone-horse] stallion.
sanded] sandy in colour.

flu'd] with large chaps.

station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry ; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gayety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry in view. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies ; when the huntsman getting

forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms, which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard, where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

JOSEPH ADDISON, *The Spectator*, 13th July, 1711

COUNTRY SPORTS

Durazzo

I must have you
To my country villa rise before the sun,
Then make a breakfast of the morning dew,
Served up by nature on some grassy hill;
You'll find it nectar, and far more cordial
Than cullises, cock-broth, or your distillations
Of a hundred crowns a quart

Caldero

You talk of nothing

opening] baving

cullises] strong broths

Dur.

This ta'en as a preparative, to strengthen
 Your queasy stomach, vault into your saddle ;
 With all this flesh, I can do it without a stirrup :—
 My hounds uncoupled, and my huntsmen ready,
 You shall hear such music from their tunable mouths,
 That you shall say the viol, harp, theorbo,
 Ne'er made such ravishing harmony ; from the groves
 And neighbouring woods, with frequent iterations,
 Enamour'd of the cry, a thousand echoes
 Repeating it.

Cald.

What's this to me ?

Dur.

It shall be,

And you give thanks for't. In the afternoon,
 For we will have variety of delights,
 We'll to the field again. No game shall rise
 But we'll be ready for't ; if a hare, my greyhounds
 Shall make a course ; for the pie or jay, a sparhawk
 Flies from the fist ; the crow so near pursued
 Shall be compell'd to seek protection under
 Our horses' bellies ; a heron put from her siege,
 And a pistol shot off in her breech, shall mount
 So high that to your view she'll seem to soar
 Above the middle region of the air ;
 A cast of haggard falcons, by me mann'd,
 Eyeing the prey at first appear as if
 They did turn tail ; but with their labouring wings

theorbo] a kind of mandolin.

pie] magpie.

sparhawk] sparrowhawk.

siege] seat, *i.e.* post by the water-side.

haggard] wild.

mann'd] tamed.

said to be a pride of lions ; a lepe of leopards ; an herd of harts, of bucks, and of all sorts of deer ; a bevy of roes ; a sloth of bears ; a singular of boars ; a sownder of wild swine ; a dryft of tame swine ; a route of wolves ; a harras of horses ; a rag of colts ; a stud of mares ; a pace of asses ; a baren of mules ; a team of oxen ; a drove of kine ; a flock of sheep ; a tribe of goats ; a sculk of foxes ; a cete of badgers ; a richness of martens ; a fesynes of ferrets ; a huske or a down of hares ; a nest of rabbits ; a clowder of cats, and a kendel of young cats ; a shrewdness of apes ; and a labour of moles.

And also, of animals when they retired to rest : a hart was said to be harboured, a buck lodged, a roebuck bedded, a hare formed, a rabbit set, etc.

Two greyhounds were called a brace, three a leash, but two spaniels or harriers were called a couple. We have also a mute of hounds for a number, a kenel of raches, a litter of whelps, and a cowardice of curs.

When the hawk was not flying at her game, she was usually hood-winked, with a cap or hood provided for that purpose, and fitted to her head ; and this hood was worn abroad, as well as at home. All hawks taken upon 'the fist,' the term used for carrying them upon the hand, had straps of leather called jesses, put about their legs. The jesses were made sufficiently long for the knots to appear between the middle and the little fingers of the hand that held them, so that the lunes, or small thongs of leather, might be fastened to them with two tyrrits, or rings ; and the lunes were loosely wound round the little finger. It appears that sometimes the jesses were of silk. Lastly, their legs were adorned with bells, fastened with rings of leather, each leg having one ;

raches} a kind of hound.

and the leathers, to which the bells were attached, were denominated bewits, and to the bewits was added the creance, or long thread, by which the bird in tutoring, was drawn back, after she had been permitted to fly; and this was called the reclaiming of the hawk. The bewits, we are informed, were useful to keep the hawk from 'winding when she bated,' that is, when she fluttered her wings to fly after her game.

Respecting the bells, it is particularly recommended that they should not be too heavy, to impede the flight of the bird, and that they should be of equal weight, sonorous, shrill, and musical; not both of one sound, but the one a semitone below the other, they ought not to be broken, especially in the sounding part, because, in that case, the sound emitted would be dull and unpleasing. I am told, that silver being mixed with the metal when the bells are cast, adds much to the sweetness of the tone.

The books of hawking assign to the different ranks of persons the sort of hawks proper to be used by them: and they are placed in the following order.

The eagle, the vulture, and the merloun, for an emperor

The ger-faulcon, and the tercel of the ger-faulcon, for a king

The faulcon gentle, and the tercel gentle, for a prince

The faulcon of the rock, for a duke

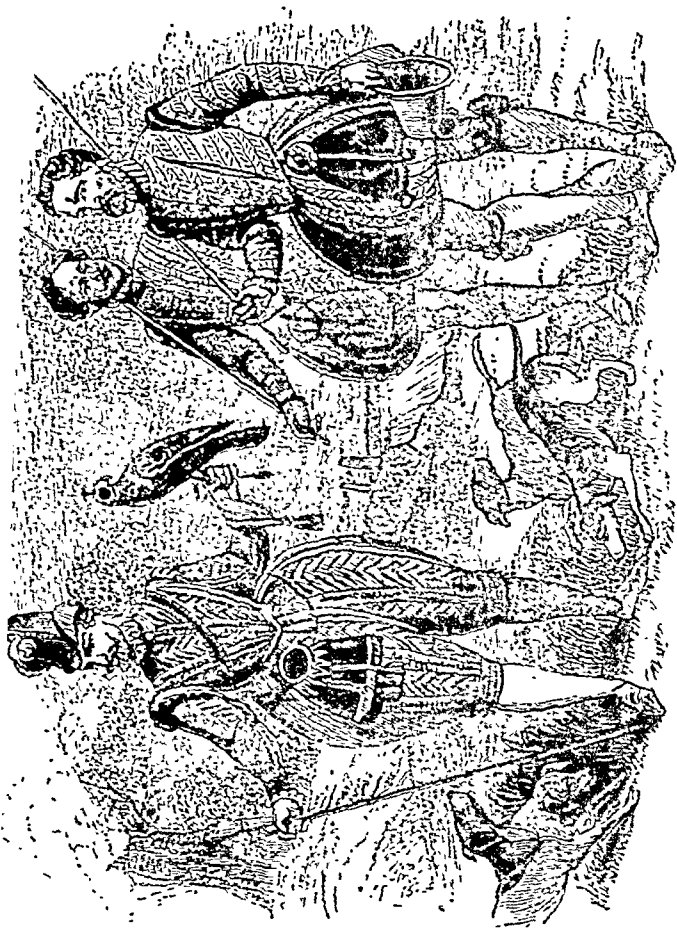
The faulcon peregrine, for an earl

The bustard, for a baron

The sacre, and the sacret, for a knight.

The lanere, and the laneret, for an esquire

The marlyon, for a lady



HAWKING

James I. and two attendants

The hobby, for a young man
 The gos-hawk, for a yeoman
 The tercel, for a poor man
 The sparrow-hawk, for a priest
 The musket, for a holy water clerk
 The kesterel, for a knave or servant

As in hunting, so in hawking, the sportsmen had their peculiar impressions, and therefore the tyro in the art of falconry is recommended to learn the following arrangement of terms as they were to be applied to the different kinds of birds assembled in companies. A sege of herons, and of bitterns, an herd of swans, of cranes, and of curlews, a dopping of sheldrakes, a spring of teals, a covert of coots, a gaggle of geese; a bade-lynge of ducks, a sort or sute of mallards, a muster of peacocks, a nye of pheasants, a bevy of quails, a covey of partridges, a congregation of plovers, a flight of doves, a dule of turtles, a walk of snipes, a fall of woodcocks, a brood of hens, a building of rooks, a murmuration of starlings, an exaltation of larks; a flight of swallows, a host of sparrows, a watch of nightingales, and a charm of goldfinches

JOSEPH STRUTT,

Sports and Pastimes of the People of England

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Piscator Nay, stay a little, good scholar I caught my last Trout with a worm, now I will put on a munnow, and try a quarter of an hour about yonder trees for another, and so walk towards our lodging Look you, scholar, thereabout we shall have a bite presently, or

tercel] the male of the falcon

not at all. Have with you, Sir ! o' my word I have hold of him ! Oh ! it is a great logger-headed Chub ; come, hang him upon that willow twig, and let's be going. But turn out of the way a little, good scholar, towards yonder high honeysuckle hedge ; there we'll sit and sing, whilst this shower falls so gently upon the teeming earth, and gives yet a sweeter smell to the lovely flowers that adorn these verdant meadows.

Look ! under that broad beech-tree I sat down, when I was last this way a-fishing ; and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose-hill : there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently towards their centre, the tempestuous sea ; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots, and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam : and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs ; some leaping securely in the cool shade, whilst others sported themselves in the cheerful sun : and saw others craving comfort from the swollen udders of their bleating dams. As I thus sat, these and other sights had so fully possessed my soul with content, that I thought, as the poet has happily expressed it :

I was for that time lifted above earth :
And possest joys not promis'd in my birth.

As I left this place, and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me ; 'twas a handsome milkmaid that had not yet attained so much age and wisdom as to load her mind with any fears of many things that will never be, as too many men too often do ; but she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale.

Dulcina rested,' or 'Phillida flouts me,' or 'Chevy Chace,' or 'Johnny Armstrong,' or 'Troy Town'?

Piscator. No, it is none of those; it is a song that your daughter sung the first part, and you sung the answer to it.

Milk-moman. O, I know it now. I learned the first part in my golden age, when I was about the age of my poor daughter; and the latter part, which indeed fits me best now, but two or three years ago, when the cares of the world began to take hold of me: but you shall, God willing, hear them both, and sung as well as we can, for we both love anglers. Come, Maudlin, sing the first part to the gentlemen, with a merry heart; and I'll sing the second, when you have done.

THE MILKMAID'S SONG

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or hills, or fields,
Or woods, and steepy mountain yields.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reckoning yields,
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
 Of better meat than's fit for men ?
 These are but vain : that's only good
 Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
 Then those delights my mind might move,
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

Piscator. Well sung, good woman ; I thank you.
 I'll give you another dish of fish one of these days ; and
 then beg another song of you.

ISAAC WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*.

AN OLD ENGLISH SQUIRE

MR. HASTINGS, by his quality, being the son, brother,
 and uncle to the Earls of Huntingdon, and his way of
 living, had the first place amongst us. He was perad-
 venture an original in our age, or rather the copy of our
 nobility in ancient days in hunting and not warlike times ;
 he was low, very strong and very active, of a reddish

spaniels ; seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them, which were not to be disturbed, he having always three or four attending him at dinner, and a little white round stick of fourteen inches long lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, crossbows, stonebows, and other such like accoutrements ; the corners of the room full of the best chose hunting and hawking poles ; an oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper through all seasons : the neighbouring town of Poole supplied him with them. The upper part of this room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church Bible, on the other the Book of Martyrs ; on the tables were hawks' hoods, bells, and such like, two or three old green hats with their crowns thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself ; tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco-pipes that had been used. On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed, for he never exceeded in drink or permitted it. On the other side was a door into an old chapel not used for devotion ; the pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, pasty of venison, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pie, with thick crust extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was very

tables] backgammon.

good to eat at, his sports supplying all but beef and mutton, except Friday, when he had the best sea-fish as well as other fish he could get, and was the day that his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with 'my part lies therein-a'. He drank a glass of wine or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack, and had always a tun glass without feet stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with a great sprig of rosemary. He was well natured, but soon angry. He lived to a hundred, never lost his eyesight, but always writ and read without spectacles, and got to horse without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, EARL OF SHAFTESBURY,
Fragment of Autobiography

SKATING ON ESTHWAITE LAKE

AND in the frosty season, when the sun
Was set, and visible for many a mile
The cottage windows blazed through twilight gloom,
I heeded not their summons—happy time
It was indeed for all of us—for me
It was a time of rapture! Clear and loud
The village clock tolled six,—I wheeled about,
Proud and exulting like an untired horse
That cares not for his home—All shod with steel,
We hussed along the polished ice in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase
And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,
The pack loud churning, and the hunted hare
So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle, with the din

Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy not unnoticed, while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.
Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cut across the reflex of a star
That fled, and, flying still before me, gleamed
Upon the glassy plain ; and oftentimes,
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopped short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled
With visible motion her diurnal round !
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched
Till all was tranquil as a dreamless sleep.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE FIVES-PLAYER

Died at his house in Burbage Street, St. Giles's, John Cavanagh, the famous hand fives-player. When a person dies who does any one thing better than any one else in the world, which so many others are trying to do well, it leaves a gap in society. It is not likely that any one will now see the game of fives played in its perfection for

inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight, horizontal line ; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it was said of a great orator that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease ; never took more pains than was necessary ; and, while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution. He had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one else could even affect to do. His blows were not undecided and ineffectual—lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor *let* balls like the *Edinburgh Review*. Cobbett and Junius together would have made a Cavanagh. He was the best *up-hill* player in the world ; even when his adversary was fourteen he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was that he never *volleyed*, but let the balls hop ; but if they rose an inch from the ground he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. . . .

a clear, open countenance, and did not look sideways or down, like Mr. Murray the bookseller. He was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford Stairs, and, they say, served him out in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives-player that perhaps ever lived (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion); and the noisy shout of the ring happily stood him in stead of the unheard voice of posterity!... We have paid this willing tribute to his memory.

Let no rude hand deface it
And his forlorn '*Hic Jacet*'.

WILLIAM HAZLITT. *Table-Talk*.

COBDEN'S OVER : 1870

HE had not now to receive the ball, for Mr. Hill, who was bustling the field a good deal, stood at his place ready to play, and amidst dead silence the ball was tossed to Mr. Cobden.

We say with confidence that never can one over bowled by any bowler at any future time surpass the over that Cobden was about to deliver then, and it deserves a minute description. Cobden took a long run and bowled very fast, and on the whole was for his pace a straight bowler. But he bowled with little or no break, had not got a puzzling delivery, and though effective against inferior bats, would never have succeeded in bowling out a man like Mr. Ottaway if he had sent a thousand balls to him. However, on the present occasion Ottaway was out, those he had to bowl to were not first-rate batsmen, and Cobden could bowl a good yorker.

and two more wickets had to be got ; if therefore a wicket was got each ball the match would be won by Cambridge, and Mr. Hill would have no further opportunity of distinguishing himself. In a dead silence Cobden again took the ball. Everybody knows that the sight of a yorker raises hope in a batsman's breast that either a full pitch or a half-volley is coming. To play either of these balls ninety-nine players out of a hundred raise their bat off the ground as a first preliminary. If you are not a quick player the raising of the bat sometimes means nothing less than opening the door of defence, and the ball getting underneath. This is precisely what happened on the present occasion, and Cobden shot in a very fast yorker. A vision of the winning hit flashed across Mr. Belcher's brain, and he raised his bat preparatory to performing great things. He had not seen till too late that neither a full pitch nor a half-volley had been bowled ; he could not get his bat down again in time, the ball went under, and his wicket was shattered. There was still one more ball wanted to complete, and Mr. Belcher, a sad man, walked away amid an uproarious storm of cheers.

Matters were becoming distinctly grave, and very irritating must it have been to Mr. Hill, who was like a billiard-player watching his rival in the middle of a big break ; he could say a good deal and think a lot, but he could do nothing. Mr. Stewart, *spes ultima* of Oxford, with feelings that are utterly impossible to describe, padded and gloved, nervously took off his coat in the pavilion. If ever a man deserved pity, Mr. Stewart deserved it on that occasion. He did not profess to be a good bat, and his friends did not claim so much for *spes ultima*] last hope.

V

NATIVE KINDNESS

I WAITED more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mausong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country, and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree ; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting amongst the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might

graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and, perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her, whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would procure me something to eat. She accordingly went out and returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half broiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The rites of hospitality being thus performed towards a stranger in distress, my worthy benefactress, pointing to the mat, and telling me I might sleep there without apprehension, called to the female part of her family, who had stood gazing on me all the while in fixed astonishment, to resume their task of spinning cotton, in which they continued to employ themselves a great part of the night. They lightened their labours by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a singing chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these. 'The winds roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. Chorus. 'Let us pity the white man, no mother has he,' etc. Trifling as this recital may appear to the reader, to a person in my situation the circumstance was affecting in the highest degree. I was oppressed by such unexpected kindness and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning I presented

my compassionate landlady with two of the four brass buttons which remained on my waistcoat—the only recompense I could make her.

MUNGO PARK, *Travels*.

INSOLENT NATIVES

HAVING, on the afore-mentioned date, reached the village of Njambi, one of the chiefs of the Chiboque, we intended to pass a quiet Sunday; and our provisions being quite spent, I ordered a tired riding-ox to be slaughtered. As we wished to be on good terms with all, we sent the hump and ribs to Njambi, with the explanation that this was the customary tribute to chiefs in the part from which we had come, and that we always honoured men in his position. He returned thanks, and promised to send food. Next morning he sent an impudent message, with a very small present of meal; scorning the meat he had accepted, he demanded either a man, an ox, a gun, powder, cloth, or a shell; and in the event of refusal to comply with his demand, he intimated his intention to prevent our further progress. We replied, we should have thought ourselves fools if we had scorned his small present, and demanded other food instead; and even supposing we had possessed the articles named, no black man ought to impose a tribute on a party that did not trade in slaves. The servants who brought the message said that, when sent to the Mambari, they had always got a quantity of cloth from them for their master, and now expected the same, or something else as an equivalent, from me.

We heard some of the Chiboque remark, 'They have only five guns'; and about mid-day, Njambi collected

common Father? If we trod on their gardens we would pay, but not for marching on land which was still God's and not theirs. They did not attempt to controvert this, because it is in accordance with their own ideas, but reverted again to the pretended crime of saliva.

My men now entreated me to give something; and after asking the chief if he really thought the affair of



A MEETING BETWEEN LIVINGSTONE (SEATED ON THE STOOL) AND SOME NATIVES

the spitting a matter of guilt, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, I gave him one of my shirts. The young Chiboque were dissatisfied, and began shouting and brandishing their swords for a greater fine.

As Pitsane felt that he had been the cause of this disagreeable affair, he asked me to add something else. I gave a bunch of beads, but the counsellors objected this time, so I added a large handkerchief. The more I

striking the first blow, and then see what we could do ; and were perhaps influenced by seeing the air of cool preparation, which some of my men displayed, at the prospect of a work of blood.

The Chiboque at last put the matter before us in this way : ‘ You come among us in a new way, and say you are quite friendly ; how can we know it unless you give us some of your food, and you take some of ours ? If you give us an ox we will give you whatever you may wish, and then we shall be friends.’ In accordance with the entreaties of my men I gave an ox ; and when asked what I should like in return, mentioned food, as the thing which we most needed. In the evening Njambi sent a very small basket of meal, and two or three pounds of the flesh of our own ox ! with the apology that he had no fowls, and very little of any other food. It was impossible to avoid a laugh at the coolness of the generous creatures. I was truly thankful nevertheless that, though resolved to die rather than deliver up one of our number to be a slave, we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass on without having shed human blood.

In the midst of the commotion, several Chiboque stole pieces of meat out of the sheds of my people, and Mohorisi, one of the Makololo, went boldly into the crowd and took back a marrow-bone from one of them. A few of my Batoka seemed afraid, and would perhaps have fled had the affray actually begun, but upon the whole I thought my men behaved admirably. They lamented having left their shields at home by command of Sekeletu, who feared that, if they carried these, they might be more disposed to be overbearing in their demeanour to the tribes we should meet. We had proceeded on the principles of peace and conciliation, and the foregoing treatment

MEETING OF STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

[In July, 1869, Dr Livingstone left Ujiji, on Lake Tanganika, and disappeared into the wilderness. He returned to Ujiji, destitute and ill, in October, 1871.]

24TH OCTOBER —My property had been sold to Shereef's friends at merely nominal prices. Syed bin Majid, a good man, proposed that they should be returned, and the ivory be taken from Shereef, but they would not restore stolen property, though they knew it to be stolen. Christians would have acted differently, even those of the lowest classes. I felt in my destitution as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, but I could not hope for Priest, Levite, or good Samaritan to come by on either side, but one morning Syed bin Majid said to me, 'Now this is the first time we have been alone together, I have no goods, but I have ivory, let me, I pray you, sell some ivory, and give the goods to you.' This was encouraging; but I said, 'Not yet, but by-and-bye.' I had still a few barter goods left, which I had taken the precaution to deposit with Mohamad bin Saleh before going to Manyema, in case of returning in extreme need. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, 'An Englishman! I see him!' and off he darted to meet him. The American flag at the head of a caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made me think, 'This must be a luxurious traveller and not one at his wits' end like me' (28th October). It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*,

sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than £4000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon—my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting £1000 for supplies, and many other points of interest, revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manyuema. Appetite returned, and instead of the spare, tasteless, two meals a day, I ate four times daily, and in a week began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn; as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be, but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity. Mr. Stanley has done his part with untiring energy; good judgment in the teeth of very serious obstacles. His helpmates turned out depraved blackguards, who, by their excesses at Zanzibar and elsewhere, had ruined their constitutions, and prepared their systems to be fit provender for the grave. They had used up their strength by wickedness, and were of next to no service, but rather downcasts and unbearable drags to progress.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, *Last Journals*.

The terrible fate . . . France] her defeat in the Franco-Prussian War, 1870-71.

the election of General Grant] as President of the United States, 1869.

THE FINDING OF LIVINGSTONE

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiu before we come in sight and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiu is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us! At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, *nor the dangers and difficulties*, now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived! Our dreams, our hopes and anticipations are now about to be realised! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes, as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the white man with the grey beard we heard about on the Malagarazi.

‘Unfurl the flags, and load your guns!’

‘Ay Wallah, ay Wallah, bana!’ respond the men, eagerly

‘One, two, three—fire!’

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery. We shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

‘Now, kirangozi, hold the white man’s flag up high,

kirangozi] guide

and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. March !’

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. . . .

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say :

‘ Good morning, sir ! ’

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply round in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask :

‘ Who the mischief are you ? ’

‘ I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,’ said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

‘ What ! Is Dr. Livingstone here ? ’

‘ Yes, sir.’

‘ In this village ? ’

‘ Yes, sir.’

‘ Are you sure ? ’

‘ Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave *him* just now.’

‘ Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming.’

‘ Yes, sir,’ and off he darted like a madman. . . .

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed

'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud :

'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

He answered : 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.'

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY, *How I found Livingstone.*

CHRISTMAS AT SEA

THE sheets were frozen hard, and they cut the naked hand ;

The decks were like a slide, where a seaman scarce could stand,

The wind was a nor'-wester, blowing squally off the sea ;
And cliffs and spouting breakers were the only things a-lee.

They heard the surf a-roaring before the break of day ;
But 'twas only with the peep of light we saw how ill we lay.

We tumbled every hand on deck instanter, with a shout,
And we gave her the maintops'l, and stood by to go about.

All day we tack'd and tack'd between the South Head
and the North ;

All day we haul'd the frozen sheets, and got no further
forth ;

All day as cold as charity, in bitter pain and dread,
For very life and nature we tack'd from head to head.

We gave the south a wider berth, for there the tide-race
roar'd ;

But every tack we made we brought the North Head
close aboard ;

So's we saw the cliffs and houses, and the breakers
 running high,
And the coastguard in his garden, with his glass against
 his eye

The frost was on the village roofs as white as ocean foam ,
The good red fires were burning *bright in every longshore*
 home ,

The windows sparkled clear, and the chimneys volley'd
 out ,

And I vow we sniff'd the victuals as the vessel went about

The bells upon the church were rung with a mighty jovial
 cheer ,

For it's just that I should tell you how (of all days in the
 year)

This day of our adversity was blessed Christmas morn,
And the house above the coastguard's was the house
 where I was born

O well I saw the pleasant room, the pleasant faces there,
My mother's silver spectacles, my father's silver hair ;
And well I saw the firelight, like a flight of homely elves
Go dancing round the china-plates that stand upon the
 shelves !

And well I knew the talk they had, the talk that was of
 me,

Of the shadow on the household and the son that went
 to sea ,

And O the wicked fool I seem'd, in every kind of way,
To be here and hauling frozen ropes on blessed Christmas
 Day

They lit the high sea-light, and the dark began to fall,
' All hands to loose top-gallant sails ! ' I heard the captain
 call

' By the Lord, she'll never stand it,' our first mate Jackson
 cried,

.. ' It's the one way or the other, Mr. Jackson,' he
 replied

She stagger'd to her bearings, but her sails were new and good,
And the ship smelt up to windward just as though she understood.

As the winter's day was ending, in the entry of the night,
We clear'd the weary headland and pass'd below the light.

And they heav'd a mighty breath, every soul on board but me,

As they saw her nose again pointing handsome out to sea ;
But all that I could think of, in the darkness and the cold,
Was just that I was leaving home and my folks were growing old.

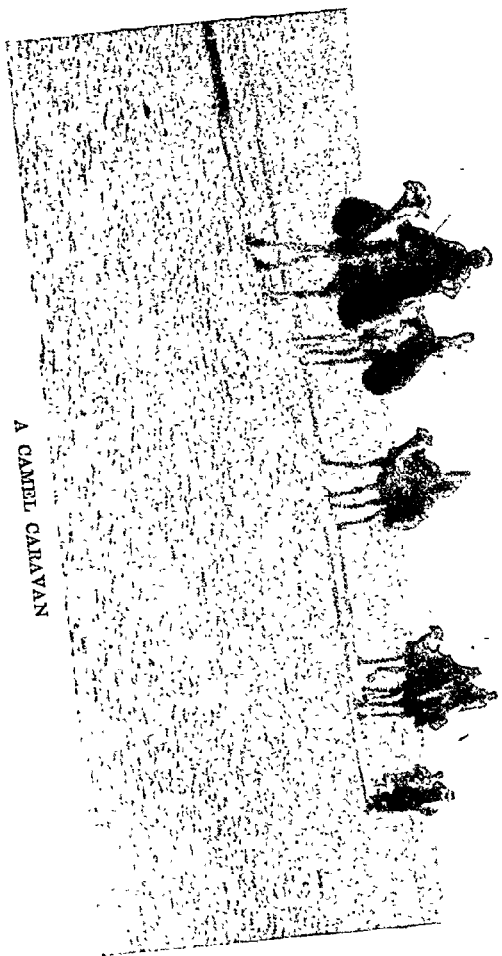
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

CAMEL-DRIVING

At each midday halt, the town camels are loosed out to pasture. The weary beasts roam in the desert, but hardly take anything into their parched mouths : they crop only a few mouthfuls by the way in the early morning, whilst the night coolness is yet upon the ground. The great brutes, that go fainting under their load, sweat greatly, and for thirst continue nearly without eating till seventeen days be ended ; when they are discharged at Mecca. . . . Our hardened drivers (all Arabs will—somewhat faint-heartedly—bemoan the aching life of this world !) told me with groans, that their travail in the journey was very sore ; one of them rode in the morning and two walked ; in the afternoon one walked and two rode. The march of the Kasim caravaners is not like the slow-paced procession of the Syrian Haj ; for they drive strenuously in the summer heat, from water

Haj] caravan of pilgrims to Mecca.



A CAMEL CARAVAN

are a spectacle of savageness. Their huge heads of shock hair, dyed red and dripping with butter, are garnished with a *Firin* or long three-pronged comb, a stick, which acts as scratcher when the owner does not wish to grease his fingers, and sometimes with the ominous ostrich feather, showing that the wearer has 'killed his man': a soiled and ragged cotton cloth covers their shoulders, and a similar article is wrapped round their loins. All wear coarse sandals, and appear in the bravery of targe, spear, and dagger. Some of the women would be pretty did they not resemble the men in their scowling, Satanic expression of countenance: they are decidedly *en deshabille*, but a black skin always appears a garb.

The cantonment is surrounded by asses, camels, and a troop of naked Flibbertigibbets, who dance and jump in astonishment whenever they see me: 'The white man! the white man!' they shriek; 'run away, run away, or we shall be eaten!' On one occasion, however, my *amour propre* was decidedly flattered by the attentions of a small black girl, apparently four or five years old, who followed me through the streets ejaculating, '*Wa Wanaksan!*' ('O fine!')

The Bedouins, despite their fierce scowls, appear good-natured; the women flock out of the huts to stare and laugh, the men to look and wonder. I happened once to remark, 'Lo, we come forth to look at them and they look at us; we gaze at their complexion and they gaze at ours!' A Bedouin who understood Arabic translated this speech to the others, and it excited great merriment. In the mining counties of civilised England, where the 'genial brickbat' is thrown at the passing stranger, or in enlightened Scotland, where hair a few inches too long or a pair of mustachios justifies 'mobbing,'

it would have been impossible for me to have mingled as I did with these wild people

We must return before sunset, when the gates are locked and the keys are carried to the Hajj, a vain precaution, when a donkey could clear half a dozen places in the town wall. The call to evening prayer sounds as we enter—none of my companions pray, but all when asked reply in the phrase which an Englishman hates, '*Inshallah Bukra*'—'*If Allah please, to-morrow!*'—and they have the decency not to appear in public at the hours of devotion. The Somal, like most Africans, are of a somewhat irreverent turn of mind. When reproached with gambling, and asked why they persist in the forbidden pleasure, they simply answer, '*Because we like.*' One night, encamped among the Eesa, I was disturbed by a female voice indulging in the loudest lamentations—an elderly lady, it appears, was suffering from toothache, and the refrain of her groans was, '*O Allah, may thy teeth ache like mine! O Allah, may thy gums be sore as mine are!*'

A well-known and characteristic tale is told of the Gerad Hirs, now chief of the Berteri tribe. Once meeting a party of unarmed pilgrims, he asked them why they had left their weapons at home—they replied in the usual phrase, '*Nahnu mutawakkilin*'—'*We are trusters (in Allah)*' That evening, having feasted them hospitably, the chief returned hurriedly to the hut, declaring that his soothsayer ordered him at once to sacrifice a pilgrim, and begging the horror-struck auditors to choose the victim. They cast lots and gave over one of their number—the Gerad placed him in another hut, dyed his dagger with sheep's blood, and returned to say

Hajj Governor

that he must have a second life. The unhappy pilgrims arose *en masse*, and fled so wildly that the chief, with all the cavalry of the desert, found difficulty in recovering them. He dismissed them with liberal presents, and not a few jibes about their trustfulness.

The wilder Bedouins will inquire where Allah is to be found : when asked the object of the question, they reply, ' If the Eesa could but catch him, they would spear him upon the spot ! Who but he lays waste their homes and kills their cattle and wives ? ' Yet, conjoined to this truly savage incapability of conceiving the idea of a Supreme Being, they believe in the most ridiculous exaggerations : many will not affront a common pilgrim for fear of being killed by a glance or a word.

Our supper, also provided by the hospitable Hajj, is the counterpart of the midday dinner. After it we repair to the roof, to enjoy the prospect of the far Tajurrah hills and the white moonbeams sleeping upon the nearer sea. The evening star hangs like a diamond upon the still horizon : around the moon a pink zone of light mist, shading off into turquoise blue, and a delicate greenlike chrysopraz, invests the heavens with a peculiar charm. The scene is truly suggestive : behind us, purpling in the night air and silvered by the radiance from above, lie the wolds and mountains tenanted by the fiercest of savages ; their shadowy, mysterious forms exciting vague alarms in the traveller's breast. Sweet as the harp of David, the night-breeze and the music of the water come up from the sea ; but the ripple and the rustling sound alternate with the hyena's laugh, the jackal's cry, and the wild dog's lengthened howl.

SIR RICHARD BURTON, *First Footsteps in East Africa*.

lichens had either just become, or had long grown, attached. I so fully believed that this was owing to the frequent earthquakes, that I felt inclined to hurry from below each loose pile. As one might very easily be deceived in a fact of this kind, I doubted its accuracy, until ascending Mount Wellington, in Van Diemen's Land, where earthquakes do not occur; and there I saw the summit of the mountain similarly composed and similarly shattered, but all the blocks appeared as if they had been hurled into their present position thousands of years ago.

We spent the day on the summit, and I never enjoyed one more thoroughly. Chile, bounded by the Andes and the Pacific, was seen as in a map. The pleasure from the scenery, in itself beautiful, was heightened by the many reflections which arose from the mere view of the Campana range with its lesser parallel ones, and of the broad valley of Quillota directly intersecting them. Who can avoid wondering at the force which has upheaved these mountains, and even more so at the countless ages which it must have required to have broken through, removed, and levelled whole masses of them? . . .

The appearance of the Andes was different from that which I had expected. The lower line of the snow was, of course, horizontal, and to this line the even summits of the range seemed quite parallel. Only at long intervals a group of points or a single cone showed where a volcano had existed, or does now exist. Hence the range resembled a great solid wall, surmounted here and there by a tower, and making a most perfect barrier to the country.

CHARLES DARWIN, *Voyage of the Beagle*.



МОНТЪ ПОПОКАТЕПЕТЛ

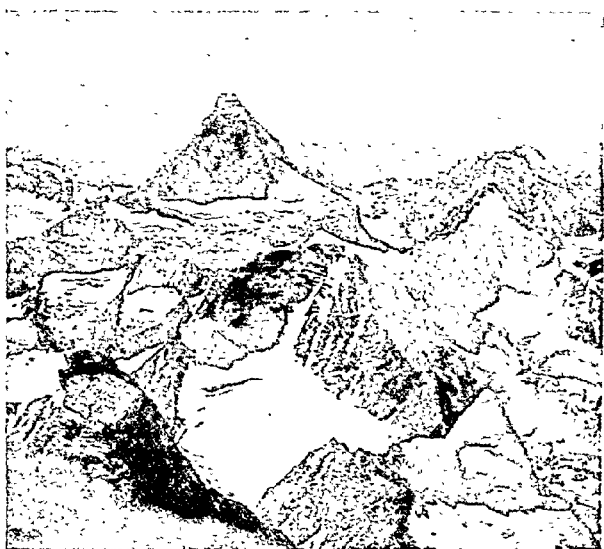
FIRST ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN

[In July, 1865, Edward Whymper succeeded, at the ninth attempt, in scaling the hitherto unconquered Matterhorn. He had with him Lord Francis Douglas, Mr. Hadow, Mr. Hudson, and three guides—Michel Croz and the two Taugwalders. This extract tells of the descent.]

Hudson and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first, and Hadow second, Hudson, who was almost equal to a born mountaineer in sureness of foot, wished to be third, Lord Francis Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder, after him. I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit, and they had finished and were waiting for me to be tied in line when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down, and moved off while it was being done.

A few minutes afterwards I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others, and caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the difficult part. Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time, when he was firmly planted the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For

some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them, and should have continued so had not Lord Francis Douglas asked me, about 3 p.m., to tie on to old



THE MATTERHORN

Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel, to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhornletscher. The boy was reproofed for

telling idle stories, he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw

Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr Hadow greater security, was absolutely taking hold of his legs, and putting his feet, one by one into their proper positions. So far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock, but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round, to go down a step or two himself; at this moment Mr Hadow slipped, fell against him, and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr Hadow flying downwards, in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord Francis Douglas immediately after him. All this was the work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit. the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downwards on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavouring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhorn-gletscher below, a distance of nearly 4000 feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralysed with terror, cried like

infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Old Peter rent the air with exclamations of 'Chamounix! Oh, what will Chamounix say?' He meant, who would believe that Croz could fall? The young man did nothing but scream or sob, 'We are lost! we are lost!' Fixed between the two, I could neither move up nor down. I begged young Peter to descend, but he dared not. Unless he did we could not advance. Old Peter became alive to the danger, and swelled the cry, 'We are lost! we are lost!' The father's fear was natural—he trembled for his son; the young man's fear was cowardly—he thought of self alone.

At last old Peter summoned up courage, and changed his position to a rock to which he could fix the rope; the young man then descended, and we all stood together. Immediately we did so I asked for the rope which had given way, and found, to my surprise—indeed to my horror—that it was the weakest of the three ropes. It was not brought, and should not have been employed, for the purpose for which it was used. It was old rope, and, compared with the others, was feeble. It was intended as a reserve, in case we had to leave much rope behind, attached to rocks. I saw at once that a serious question was involved, and made him give me the end. It had broken in mid-air, and it did not appear to have sustained previous injury.

For more than two hours afterwards I thought almost every moment that the next would be my last; for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first, and fix rope to firm rocks, in addition

VI

SOCIALITY IN THE BRUTE CREATION

THERE is a wonderful spirit of sociality in the brute creation, independent of sexual attachment : the congregating of gregarious birds in the winter is a remarkable instance.

Many horses, though quiet with company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves : the strongest fences cannot restrain them. My neighbour's horse will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable, without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his fore-feet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company ; and yet in other respects is remarkably quiet. Oxen and cows will not fatten by themselves ; but will neglect the finest pasture that is not recommended by society. It would be needless to instance in sheep, which constantly flock together.

But this propensity seems not to be confined to animals of the same species ; for we know a doe, still alive, that was brought up from a little fawn with a dairy of cows ; with them it goes afield, and with them it returns to the yard. The dogs of the house take no notice of this deer, being used to her ; but if strange dogs come by, a chase
[discovering] revealing.

ensues, while the master smiles to see his favourite securely leading her pursuers over hedge, or gate, or stile, till she returns to the cows, who, with fierce lowings and menacing horns, drive the assailants quite out of the pasture

Even great disparity of kind and size does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellowship. For a very intelligent and observant person has assured me that, in the former part of his life, keeping but one solitary horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creatures but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself gently against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other, so that Milton when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems to be somewhat mistaken.

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape

GILBERT WHITE *Natural History of Selborne*

CATS AND CLOVER

I FIND from experiments that humble-bees are almost indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease (*Viola tricolor*), for other bees do not visit this flower. I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the

fertilisation of some kinds of clover; for instance, 20 heads of Dutch clover (*Trifolium repens*) yielded 2290 seeds, but 20 other heads protected from bees produced not one. Again, 100 heads of red clover (*Trifolium pratense*) produced 2700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed. Humble-bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear.

The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Colonel Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that 'more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England.' Now the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Colonel Newman says, 'Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice.' Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district.

CHARLES DARWIN, *The Origin of Species*.

WEASEL AND SMALL BIRDS

SOME months ago there was a correspondence in the *Field* which touched upon this very subject. One gentleman wrote that he had found three freshly-killed adult



THE VESSEL.

THE MARTIN

This guest of summer,
 The temple-haunting martlet, doth approve
 By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
 Smells wooingly here ; no jutting, frieze,
 Buttress, or coign of vantage, but this bird
 Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

DEAR SIR,—In obedience to your injunctions I sit down to give you some account of the house-martin, or martlet ; and if my monography of this little domestic and familiar bird should happen to meet with your approbation, I may probably soon extend my enquiries to the rest of the British hirundines—the swallow, the swift, and the bank-martin.

A few house-martins begin to appear about April 16 ; usually some few days later than the swallow. For some time after they appear the hirundines in general pay no attention to the business of nidification, but play and sport about, either to recruit from the fatigue of their journey, if they do migrate at all, or else that their blood may recover its true tone and texture after it has been so long benumbed by the severities of winter. About the middle of May, if the weather be fine, the martin begins to think in earnest of providing a mansion for its family. The crust or shell of this nest seems to be formed of such dirt or loam as comes most readily to hand, and is tempered and wrought together with little bits of broken straws to render it tough and tenacious. As this bird often builds against a perpendicular wall without any

nidification] nest-making.

projecting ledge under, it requires its utmost efforts to get the first foundation firmly fixed, so that it may safely carry the superstructure. On this occasion the bird not only clings with its claws, but partly supports itself by strongly inclining its tail against the wall, making that a fulcrum, and thus steadied, it works and plasters the materials into the face of the brick or stone. But then, that this work may not, while it is soft and green, pull itself down by its own weight, the provident architect has prudence and forbearance enough not to advance her work too fast, but by building only in the morning, and by dedicating the rest of the day to food and amusement, gives it sufficient time to dry and harden. About half an inch seems to be a sufficient layer for a day. Thus careful workmen, when they build mud-walls (informed at first, perhaps, by this little bird), raise but a moderate layer at a time, and then desist, lest the work should become too heavy, and so be ruined by its own weight. By this method in about ten or twelve days is formed a hemispheric nest with a small aperture towards the top, strong, compact, and warm, and perfectly fitted for all the purposes for which it was intended. But then nothing is more common than for the house-sparrow, as soon as the shell is finished, to seize on it as its own, to eject the owner, and to line it after its own manner.

After so much labour is bestowed in erecting a mansion, as Nature seldom works in vain, martins will breed on for several years together in the same nest, where it happens to be well sheltered and secure from the injuries of the weather. The shell or crust of the nest is a sort of rustic work, full of knobs and protuberances on the outside; nor is the inside of those that I have examined smoothed with any exactness at all, but is rendered soft

and warm, and fit for incubation, by a lining of small straws, grasses, and feathers, and sometimes by a bed of moss interwoven with wool. In this nest the hen lays from three to five white eggs.

As the young of small birds presently arrive at their full growth, they soon become impatient of confinement, and sit all day with their heads out at the orifice, where the dams, by clinging to the nest, supply them with food from morning to night. For a time the young are fed on the wing by their parents ; but the feat is done with so quick and almost imperceptible a flight that a person must have attended very exactly to their motions before he would be able to perceive it. As soon as the young are able to shift for themselves, the dams immediately turn their thoughts to the business of a second brood ; while the first flight, shaken off and rejected by their nurses, congregate in great flocks, and are the birds that are seen clustering and hovering on sunny mornings and evenings round towers and steeples, and on the roofs of churches and houses. These congregatings usually begin to take place the first week in August, and therefore we may conclude that by that time the first flight is pretty well over.

The young of this species do not quit their abodes all together ; but the more forward birds get abroad some days before the rest. These approaching the eaves of buildings, and playing about before them, make people think that several old ones attend one nest. They are often capricious in fixing on a nesting-place, beginning many edifices, and leaving them unfinished ; but when once a nest is completed in a sheltered place, it serves for several seasons. Those which breed in a ready finished house get the start in hatching of those that build new

evolutions as the swallow. Accordingly they make use of a placid easy motion in a middle region of the air, seldom mounting to any great height, and never sweeping long together over the surface of the ground or water. They do not wander far for food, but affect sheltered districts, over some lake, or under some hanging wood, or in some hollow vale, especially in windy weather. They breed the latest of all the swallow kind : in 1772 they had nestlings on to October 21, and are never without unfledged young as late as Michaelmas.

As the summer declines the congregating flocks increase in numbers daily by the constant accession of the second broods, till at last they swarm in myriads upon myriads round the villages on the Thames, darkening the face of the sky as they frequent the aits of that river, where they roost. They retire, the bulk of them, I mean, in vast flocks together about the beginning of October, but have appeared of late years in a considerable flight in this neighbourhood, for one day or two, as late as November 3 and 6, after they were supposed to have been gone for more than a fortnight. They therefore withdraw with us the latest of any species. Unless these birds are very short-lived indeed, or unless they do not return to the districts where they are bred, they must undergo vast devastations, somehow and somewhere ; for the birds that return yearly bear no manner of proportion to the birds that retire.

House-martins are distinguished from their congeners by having their legs covered with soft downy feathers down to their toes. They are no songsters, but twitter in a pretty inward soft manner in their nests.

GILBERT WHITE, *Natural History of Selborne*.

aits] islands in a river ; also ' eyots.'

And by that warbling bird the wood-lark place we then,
The reed-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren,
The yellow-pate, which, though she hurt the blooming
tree,

Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.

And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,

That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.

The tydy from her notes as delicate as they ;

The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay ;

The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,

Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)

Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun

Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,

And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps

To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE MOCKING-BIRD

THE plumage of the mocking-bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it ; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned and even handsome. The ease, elegance and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow tones of the wood thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his

nope] bullfinch.

yellow-pate] yellow-hammer.

tydy] bluetit (?)

hecco] woodpecker.

greaves] groves.

fancied calls of their mates ; or dive, with precipitation, into the depths of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow hawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog ; Caesar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about with hanging wings, and bristled feathers, clucking to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow, with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent ; while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive fondness for variety, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks ; and the warblings of the blue bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screaming of swallows, or the cackling of hens : amidst the simple melody of the robin we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will ; while the notes of the kildeer, blue jay, martin, baltimore, and twenty others, succeed, with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover, with astonishment, that the sole performer in this singular *concert* is the admirable bird now before us. During this

exhibition of his powers he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself around the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo, and serenades us the live-long night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his immutable medley.

ALEXANDER WILSON, *American Ornithology*

THE FLIGHT OF THE CONDOR

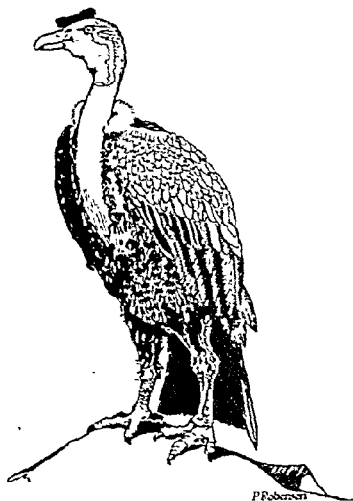
WHEN the condors are wheeling in a flock round and round any spot, their flight is beautiful. Except when rising from the ground, I do not recollect ever having seen one of these birds flap its wings. Near Lima, I watched several for nearly half an hour, without once taking off my eyes. They moved in large curves, sweeping in circles, descending and ascending without giving a single flap. As they glided close over my head, I intently watched from an oblique position the outlines of the separate and great terminal feathers of each wing, and these separate feathers, if there had been the least vibratory movement, would have appeared as if blended together, but they were seen distinct against the blue sky.

The head and neck were moved frequently, and apparently with force, and the extended wings seemed to form the fulcrum on which the movements of the neck, body, and tail acted. If the bird wished to descend, the wings were for a moment collapsed; and when again expanded with an altered inclination, the momentum gained

by the rapid descent seemed to urge the bird upwards with the even and steady movement of a paper kite.

In the case of any bird *soaring*, its motion must be sufficiently rapid, so that the action of the inclined surface of its body on the atmosphere may counter-balance its gravity. The force to keep up the momentum of a body moving in a horizontal plane in the air (in which there is so little friction) cannot be great, and this force is all that is wanted. The movement of the neck and body of the condor, we must suppose, is sufficient for this. However this may be, it is truly wonderful and beautiful to see so great a bird, hour after hour, without any apparent exertion, wheeling and gliding over mountain and river.

CHARLES DARWIN, *Voyage of the Beagle*.



Still however the kitten sat watching immoveably upon the same spot. I concluded, therefore, that, sliding between the door and the threshold, he had found his way out of the garden into the yard. I went round immediately, and there found him in close conversation with the old cat, whose curiosity being excited by so novel an appearance, inclined her to pat his head repeatedly with her fore foot ; with her claws however sheathed, and not in anger ; but in the way of philosophical inquiry and examination. To prevent her falling a victim to so laudable an exercise of her talents, I interposed in a moment with the hoe, and performed upon him an act of decapitation, which though not immediately mortal, proved so in the end. Had he slid into the passages, where it is dark, or had he, when in the yard, met with no interruption from the cat, and secreted himself in any of the outhouses, it is hardly possible but that some of the family must have been bitten ; he might have been trodden upon without being perceived, and have slipped away before the sufferer could have well distinguished what foe had wounded him. Three years ago we discovered one in the same place, which the barber slew with a trowel.

WILLIAM COWPER, *Letters*.

THE COLUBRIAD

CLOSE by the threshold of a door nail'd fast
 Three kittens sat : each kitten look'd aghast.
 I, passing swift and inattentive by,
 At the three kittens cast a careless eye ;

Colubriad] As 'Iliad' means 'The Tale of Ilium,' so 'Colubriad' means 'The Tale of the Viper.'

THE GIANT SQUID

SLOWLY wading through the meadows of brit, the *Pequod* still held on her way north-eastward towards the island of Java ; a gentle air impelling her keel, so that in the surrounding serenity her three tall tapering masts mildly waved to that languid breeze, as three mild palms on a plain. And still, at wide intervals in the silvery night, the lonely, alluring jet would be seen.

But one transparent blue morning, when a stillness almost preternatural spread over the sea, however unattended with any stagnant calm ; when the long burnished sun-glade on the waters seemed a golden finger laid across them, enjoining some secrecy ; when the slippered waves whispered together as they softly ran on ; in this profound hush of the visible sphere a strange spectre was seen by Daggoo from the main-mast-head.

In the distance, a great white mass lazily rose, and rising higher and higher, and disentangling itself from the azure, at last gleamed before our prow like a snow-slide, new slid from the hills. Thus glistening for a moment, as slowly it subsided, and sank. Then once more arose, and silently gleamed. It seemed not a whale ; and yet is this Moby Dick ? thought Daggoo. Again the phantom went down, but on reappearing once more, with a stiletto-like cry that startled every man from his nod, the negro yelled out—‘ There ! there again ! there she breaches ! right ahead ! The White Whale, the White Whale ! ’

brit] minute surface-swimming animals.
Moby Dick] the Great White Whale.

it had sunk, with a wild voice exclaimed—‘Almost rather had I seen Moby Dick and fought him, than to have seen thee, thou white ghost!’

‘What was it, Sir?’ said Flask.

‘The great live squid, which, they say, few whale-ships ever beheld, and returned to their ports to tell of it.’

But Ahab said nothing; turning his boat, he sailed back to the vessel; the rest as silently following.

Whatever superstitions the sperm whalemén in general have connected with the sight of this object, certain it is, that a glimpse of it being so very unusual, that circumstance has gone far to invest it with portentousness. So rarely is it beheld, that though one and all of them declare it to be the largest animated thing in the ocean, yet very few of them have any but the most vague ideas concerning its true nature and form; notwithstanding, they believe it to furnish to the sperm whale his only food. For though other species of whales find their food above water, and may be seen by man in the act of feeding, the spermaceti whale obtains his whole food in unknown zones below the surface; and only by inference is it that any one can tell of what, precisely, that food consists. At times, when closely pursued, he will disgorge what are supposed to be the detached arms of the squid; some of them thus exhibited exceeding twenty and thirty feet in length. They fancy that the monster to which these arms belonged ordinarily clings by them to the bed of the ocean; and that the sperm whale, unlike other species, is supplied with teeth in order to attack and tear it.

There seems some ground to imagine that the great Kraken of Bishop Pontoppodan may ultimately resolve

Kraken] a fabulous sea-monster.

itself into Squid. The manner in which the Bishop describes it, as alternately rising and sinking, with some other particulars he narrates, in all this the two correspond. But much abatement is necessary with respect to the incredible bulk he assigns it.

By some naturalists who have vaguely heard rumours of the mysterious creature, here spoken of, it is included among the class of cuttle-fish, to which, indeed, in certain external respects it would seem to belong, but only as the Anak of the tribe.

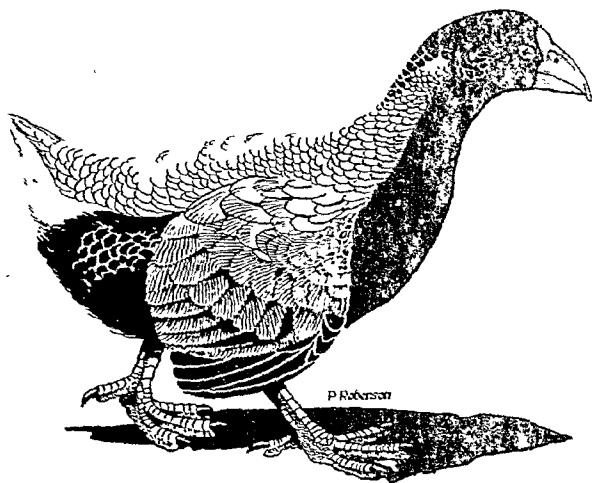
HERMAN MELVILLE, *Moby Dick*

THE STRANGE STORY OF ANIMAL LIFE IN NEW ZEALAND

NEW ZEALAND consists of two islands, together more than 1,000 miles long and of about 200,000 square miles area. It is 1,000 miles distant from New Caledonia, the nearest island of any considerable size, and is 1,500 miles from the great Continental island of Australia. There is no other island in the world so large and at the same time so remote from other considerable tracts of land. Australia is closely connected by island groups at a distance of only 100 miles to Asia. The isolation of New Zealand is unique. The seas around it are of vast depth and of proportionately great age. During the chalk period—before the great deposits and changes of the earth's face which we assign to the Tertiary period—New Zealand consisted of a number of small scattered islands, which gradually, as the floor of the sea rose in that part of the world, became a continent stretching northward and joining New Guinea. In that very ancient time the

Anak] giant. see Numbers, xiii 33

land was covered with ferns and large trees. Birds (as we now know them) had only lately come into existence in the northern hemisphere, and when New Zealand for a time joined that area the birds, as well as a few lizards and one kind of frog, migrated south and colonised the new land. It is probable that the very peculiar lizard-like



THE NOTORNIS

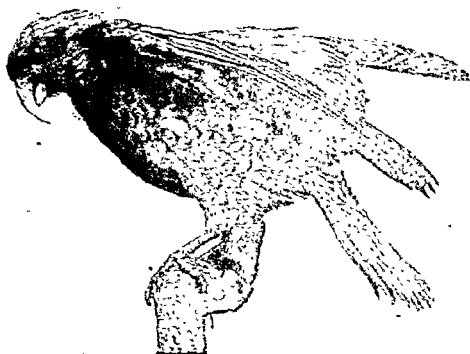
reptile of New Zealand—the ‘tuatara’ or *Sphenodon*—entered its area at a still earlier stage of surface change. That creature (only 20 in. long) is the only living representative of very remarkable extinct reptiles which lived in the area which now is England, and, in fact, in all parts of the world, during the Triassic period, further behind the chalk in date than the chalk is behind our

own day. For ages, this 'type' with its peculiar beak-like jaws, has survived only in New Zealand. Living specimens have been brought to this country, and are to be seen at the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. Having received, as it were, a small cargo of birds and reptiles, but no hairy, warm-blooded quadruped, no mammal, New Zealand became at the end of the chalk-period detached from the northern continent, and isolated, and has remained so ever since. Migratory birds from the north visited it, and at a late date two kinds of bat reached it and established themselves.

Thus we are prepared for the very curious state of things in this large tract of land. Looking at New Zealand as it was a thousand years ago, we find there were no mammals living on it except a couple of bats and the seals (so-called sea lions, sea elephants, and others) which frequent its coasts. There were 180 species of birds and many of these quite peculiar to the island. Many of the birds showed in the absence of any predatory enemies—there being no carnivorous quadrupeds to hunt them or their young—a tendency to lose the power of flight and some had done so altogether. The gigantic, wingless Moas—allied to the ostrich and the cassowary—had grown up there, and were the masters of the situation. There were many species of these—one of great height—one-fourth taller than the biggest known ostrich, others with short legs of monstrous thickness and strength. Allied to these are the four species of Kiwi or apteryx, still existing there. They are very strange wingless birds, about the size of a large Dorking fowl. The Kiwis are still in existence, but the Moas and some of the other flightless birds have died out since the arrival of the Maori man, who killed and ate them.

A bird which was believed sixty years ago both by the natives and white men to have become extinct, the Takahe, or *Notornis*, was known by its bones and from the traditions of the natives. Much to the delight of naturalists, four live specimens of it were obtained at intervals in the last century, the last as late as 1898.

e beautiful dark plumage and thick and short beak,



THE KEA

which is bright red, as are the legs, are well known from the two specimens preserved in the Natural History Museum. The *Notornis* is a heavy, flightless 'rail.' Rails are remarkable for their size and variety in New Zealand, where there are twenty species, some of them very sluggish in flight, or like *Notornis*, flightless (the wood hens). Amongst the flightless birds of New Zealand is a duck, as helpless as the heaviest farmyard product, and yet a wild bird, and then there are the penguins,

which swim with their wings, but never fly, and belong entirely to the southern hemisphere. Many species are found on the shores of New Zealand. Other noteworthy birds of New Zealand are the twelve kinds of cormorants, the wry-bill plover, the only bird in the world with its beak turned to one side, the practically flightless Kakapo, or ground parrot (*Strigops*), the Huiya, a bird like a crow in appearance, whose male has a short straight beak, whilst the female has a long one, greatly curved; the detested Kea the parrot which kills the sheep, introduced by the colonists by digging out with its beak from their backs the fat round the kidneys, also very peculiar owls and wrens, and the fine singing bell birds.

The peculiarity of the indigenous animals of New Zealand is seen not only in the absence of mammals and the abundance of remarkable birds, many of them flightless but also in the fact that there are no snakes in this vast area—no crocodiles, no tortoises—only fourteen small kinds of lizard (seven Geckoes and seven Skinks) and only one species of frog (and that only ever seen by a very few persons). There were fish in the rivers when settlers arrived there, but none very remarkable. Insects and flies of every kind, scorpions, spiders, centipedes, land-snails and earthworms were all flourishing in the forests of New Zealand a thousand years ago, serving in large measure as the food of birds, fish and lizards. The great island continent of Australia, 1,500 miles away, is peculiar enough in its living products, quite unlike the rest of the world in its egg-laying duck-mole and spiny ant-eater, and in its abundant and varied population of pouched mammals or marsupials, emphasized by the absence (except for two or three peculiar little mice and the late-arrived black-fellow and bush-dog)

of the regular type called 'placental' mammals which inhabit the rest of the world. The rest of the world except New Zealand! Strange as Australia is, New Zealand is yet stranger. Long as the isolation of Australia has endured, and archaic and primitive in essential characters as is its living freight of animals and plants navigated (as it were) in safety and isolation to our present days, yet New Zealand has a still more primitive, a more ancient cargo. When we divide the land surfaces of the earth according to their history as indicated by the nature of their living fauna and flora and their geological structure, and the fossilised remains of their past inhabitants, it becomes necessary to separate the whole land surface into two primary sections: (a) New Zealand, and (b) the rest of the world, 'Theriogaea,' or the land of beasts (mammals). Then we divide Theriogaea into (1) the land of Marsupials (Australia) and (2) the land of Placentals (the rest of the world). This last great area is divisible according to the same principles into the great northern belt of land, the Holarctic region and the (three not equally distinct) great southward-reaching land surfaces—the Neotropical (South America), the Ethiopian (Africa, south of the Sahara), and the Oriental (India and Malay).

The bird-ruled quietude of New Zealand was disturbed 500 years ago by the arrival of the Polynesian Islanders, the Maoris, in their canoes. They brought with them three kinds of vegetables which they cultivated, a dog and a kind of rat. The dogs soon died out, but the rat has remained, and is considered to have done little or no harm. It was not one of the destructive proliferous rats of the northern hemisphere. The Maoris hunted the big birds—the Moas and others—for their flesh, and

ate their eggs, and it is probable that they caused or accelerated the extinction of the Moa and two or three other birds. In the north island they nearly exterminated the white heron, the plumes being valued by them. On the whole, very little damage was done to the natural products of the islands by the Maoris. 'It was with the advent of the Europeans,' says Mr John Drummond, F.L.S., in his interesting and well-illustrated book on *The Animals of New Zealand*, 'that destruction began in earnest. It seemed as if they had been commanded to destroy the ancient inhabitants.' They killed right and left, and in addition, burnt up the primæval forests and bushes till a great part of the flora was consumed. It was never a very varied or strong one, consisting only of some 1,400 species, which are now in large proportion vanishing, whilst 600 species of plants, most of them introduced accidentally rather than intentionally by the European settlers have taken their place.

Here I may state the great principle which, in regard to plants as well as animals, determines the survival of intruders from one region to another. It appears that setting aside any very special and peculiar adaptations to quite exceptional conditions in a given area, the living things, whether plants or animals, which are brought to or naturally arrive at such an area, survive and supplant the indigenous plants and animals of that area, if they themselves are kinds (species) produced or formed in a larger or more variegated area, that is to say, formed under severer conditions of competition and of struggle with a larger variety of competitors, enemies and adverse circumstances in general. Thus, the plants of remote oceanic islands are destroyed, and their place and their food are taken by the more hardy 'capable' plants of

Continental origin. And, in accordance with the same principle, as Darwin especially maintained, the plants of the northern hemisphere, produced as they are in a wide stretching belt of land—Europe, temperate Asia, and North America—always push their way down the great southern stretches of land (by cool mountain roadways), and when they have arrived in the temperate regions of the southern hemisphere, they have at various geological epochs starved out, taken the place of, or literally ‘supplanted’ the native southern flora, which in every case has been formed on a narrow, restricted and peninsula-like area. The same greater ‘potency’ of the animals of the Holarctic region has in the past established them as ‘intruders’ into South America, Ethiopia and India, and has led to the inevitable survival of the animal of the large area when brought into contact with the animal of the small and restricted area. Applying these principles to New Zealand, we see that no country, no area of land, could have a worse chance for the survival of its animal and vegetable children than that mysterious land, isolated for many millions of years in the ocean, the home of the Tuatara, solitary survivor of an immensely remote geologic age, the undisturbed kingdom of huge birds, so easy-going that they have ceased to fly, and have even lost their wings!

Sir E. RAY LANKESTER, *Science from an Easy Chair*.

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VII

CLOUD FORMS

According to their appearance, the clouds have been divided by Howard into four principal kinds: the *nimbus*, the *stratus*, the *cumulus*, and the *cirrus*.

The cirrus or curl-cloud has its seat in the higher regions of the atmosphere, where it is either seen scattered in small, fleecy masses, or floating in long, narrow stripes, an appearance well described by the popular name of *mare's tails*. White by day, the cirri often glow after sunset with the liveliest golden or roseate hues; for, like the snowy Alpine peaks, they are still bathed in light while darkness is covering the lower atmosphere. When, after a long continuance of fine weather, a change is about to take place, these light clouds are often its first signs, as they indicate the approach of a warmer and humid air current. Rain is soon to be expected when their borders become indistinct—a sign that the condensation of the vapours is increasing, and when, at the same time, the blue colour of the sky begins to fade. On the other hand, dry weather will probably continue for a few days longer when the borders of the cirrus are distinctly marked on a cerulean background.

From the low temperature of the high spaces which they occupy, it is more than probable that cirrus-clouds consist of frozen particles, and hence it is that halos, coronæ, and other optical appearances, produced by

coronæ, another name for halos

refraction and reflection from ice crystals, appear almost always in these clouds and their derivatives.

The cumuli, or heaped clouds, are rounded spherical forms, piled one on the other, and either light-coloured throughout or with white borders. They often form picturesque groups on the horizon, and, when shone upon by the sun, resemble distant snow mountains. They are more frequent in summer than in winter; and after being formed in the morning, they generally disappear towards evening. 'In their bosom,' says Goethe, 'the conflict between fair and foul weather is preparing, as it is still undecided whether they are to rise and dissolve in the air or to descend in showers. As long as their borders are sharply defined, and have a white colour, a continuance of good weather may be expected.'

Stratus-clouds consist of very large and continuous horizontal sheets, which chiefly form at sunset and disappear at sunrise. They are frequent in autumn and unusual in spring time, and are lower than the preceding.

The nimbus or rain-clouds, which are sometimes classed as one of the fundamental varieties, are properly a combination of the three preceding heads. They affect no particular shape, and are solely distinguished by a uniform grey tint, and by fringed edges.

The fundamental forms pass into one another in the most varied manner, so that it is often very difficult to tell from the appearance of a cloud which type it most resembles. Howard has classed these intermediate or transitional forms as Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, and Cumulo-stratus. The Cirro-cumulus is commonly called a 'mackerel sky.' It consists of small, roundish masses; disposed with more or less irregularity and connection. It is frequent in summer, and attendant on warm and

dry weather Cirro-stratus appears to result from the subsidence of the stripes of cirrus to a horizontal position, while, at the same time, they are joined laterally. The form and relative position, when seen in the distance, frequently give the idea of shoals of fish. The tendency of cumulo stratus is to spread, settle down into the nimbus, and finally fall as rain

G. HARTWIG *Marrels over our Heads*

By kind permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams,
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noonday dreams
 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder

 I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast,
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits,

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead ;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine æry nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,

rack] driving cloud.

May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl ,
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,—
The mountains its columns be
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow ,
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursing of the Sky ,
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ,
I change, but I cannot die
For aiter the rain when with never a stain
The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

P. B. SHELLEY.

NOTE. Shelley here transforms meteorology into poetry. In l. 5 he errs: dew is formed on cloudless nights. Ll. 17-30 poetize the view that the course of thunder-storms responds to terrestrial magnetism. In l. 30 'he' = the lightning: when the rain falls the electricity is dispersed. The 'sphere-fire' of l. 75 refers to the fact that the colours of the rainbow are caused by sunlight falling on and through the spherical rain-drops. The last eight lines explain how the sky owes its colour and apparent shape to the dispersion of sunbeams in the atmosphere. 'Convex gleams' may refer to the bending of the rays by refraction; or simply to the fact that they fall on the outer, or convex, surface of the atmosphere.

REGELATION

PEOPLE who have not seen a glacier, walked on a glacier, chipped into it with an ice-axe, and followed it up from its melting 'snout' and decidedly dirty, rock-strewn lower end to the regions where it is pure and white, split into yawning chasms and raised into great teeth or pinnacles—those, indeed, who have not followed it yet further from these middle heights, far on up the rocky sides of a great mountain, until the region is reached where it ceases to be ice, and becomes a mass of soft, powdery snow—do not know one of the most curious, unimaginable, and powerful agencies in Nature. We inhabitants of the British Isles, were we confined to our limited territory, and un-informed by travellers as to the wonders of the snow-world, would never guess or infer from anything we ever see here that such things as glaciers exist. There is no parallel to the peculiarity,

the unexpected and astonishing quality, of a glacier. Even a volcano is not so remote from what one could have expected. Rivers, lakes, and seas we know, and we can imagine them bigger and deeper. Waterfalls and great white clouds, in fact all the forms of water, are familiar to us. Mountains, even winter snow-capped mountains, we sometimes see in our own island, and can imagine them bigger. We have handled ice and snow, too. Yet nothing which we know by experience here prepares us for the complete change in the appearance, character, and behaviour of snow when it is piled in vast thickness on the slopes of mountains so high that it is ever renewed, and never melts away on their peaks and shoulders.

We are accustomed to see snow slowly melt and run away as water, and the more observant will have noted that in prolonged frost, snow, even when piled in heaps by the roadside, disappears without thawing. It evaporates, slowly but surely, straight away into the form of gas—invisible aqueous vapour. That is a rather unusual property for a solid body to possess. In that way a certain return of evaporated snow to the atmosphere from which it was precipitated in crystalline flakes takes place. But the amount is small. We are not accustomed to find a solid body evaporating. Volatile liquids are common, but volatile solids are unusual. The metals and rocks do not behave in this way. The only familiar parallels to ice and snow in this respect are the vegetable product camphor and some allied bodies. They pass directly from the solid to the gaseous state, and the invisible gaseous camphor can be precipitated as 'a snow' of crystalline camphor on a glass shade placed over a lump of that substance.

There are some bodies—the metal bismuth is one of them, sulphur and hard paraffin also are of the number, and water is another—which in passing from the liquid to the solid state expand—actually increase in volume. It is far more usual, and seems to us a more ‘natural’ thing, for a liquid to contract when, owing to cooling, it becomes solid. The exceptional property possessed by water of expanding when frozen is of enormous effect in the wear and tear of the earth’s surface. It is thus that the strongest water-pipes, which the combined wickedness and ignorance of plumbers and architects lead them to place on the outside of our houses, instead of inside near the chimneys, are burst by frost. And similarly it is owing to this swelling of water when freezing that the wet soil and surface rocks are, when frozen in winter, broken and rendered permeable to later rains.

But even more striking is the result of this bursting action of freezing water upon the great rocky sides of mountains. The water, formed by melting snow and by rain, lodges in cracks and fissures of the rocks, and, when the cold of winter comes on, it freezes and consequently swells in volume, and so shatters the imprisoning stone. Thus it breaks off huge masses and helps to wear away the mountain peaks and sides. It is owing to the expansion of water on becoming solid that a given bulk of ice is lighter than the same bulk of water, and that therefore ice floats on water, and our streams and lakes do not freeze solid from bottom to top.

Important and exceptional as are these properties of water—producing great results, which we can observe in the frozen world of the Alps—they do not help us to the understanding of a glacier, nor would they suggest

to us as a natural process the production of glaciers by the changes of great heaped-up masses of snow on mountain sides. The one familiar property of snow, or powdered ice, which has to do with the conversion of mountain snow into the huge rivers of solid ice called 'glaciers,' is the curious 'binding' quality which enables us to make 'snowballs' by squeezing handfuls of snow. Every schoolboy knows that if one takes up a double handful of snow during a hard frost and lightly presses it, it remains a loose powder. But if one squeezes the snow very firmly and persistently (or with less squeezing if a slight thaw has set in), the particles adhere to one another, and the snow becomes hard and more or less compact ice. Boys consider it an unfair and brutal thing to squeeze a snowball so much as to make it thoroughly solid, since it then becomes as dangerous a missile as a big stone. A certain moderation in the manufacture is held to be correct, giving the snowball a firm crust, but one which can easily break on the face of the opponent at whom it is thrown, thus allowing the still powdery interior lightly to overwhelm him.

This property of snow—viz that its particles become, as it were, fused together so as to form a continuous mass of ice when it is squeezed (that is, subjected to pressure) has been carefully examined. The snow particles seem at first sight to behave as though viscid or 'sticky'—in fact, as powdered wax or resin would behave. Yet they are not really viscid at all, but consist of loose crystals of ice, small but hard, and with no tendency to 'flow' or soften. Their binding property is found to be due to the fact that pressure lowers the degree of heat, as registered by a thermometer, at which ice melts. The same lowering of the melting point by pressure has been

A GLACIER IN JASPER PARK, ALBERTA, CANADA



is removed is called 'regelation.' A glacier is nothing but a huge snowball formed by regelation. The warmth of the sun causes the surface of snow to melt a little: the water so formed percolates into the deeper layers where the heat of the sun does not penetrate. It freezes again, and the solid mass lying on a steep slope begins to press and move downwards. It breaks and falls, and 'regelates' with neighbouring similar masses owing to their mutual pressure. Always the slowly, or maybe quickly, sliding masses adhere by regelation, and add to their solid bulk by this kind of adhesion just as the much smaller rolling snowball made by boys in the winter binds to it the snow over which it is turned, and increases its solidity and bulk at a rate which has become proverbial.

SIR E. RAY LANKESTER, *Science from an Easy Chair*.

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A WONDERFUL CLEAR NIGHT OF STARS

It must have been half-past nine before we left Calistoga, and night came fully before we struck the bottom of the grade. I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing colour, dark and glossy like a serpent's back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The milky way was bright, like a moonlit cloud; half heaven seemed milky way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour—red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset; and so sharply did each stand forth

moon, and her lit face put out, one after another, that galaxy of stars. The wonder of the drive was over ; but, by some nice conjunction of clearness in the air and fit shadow in the valley where we travelled, we had seen for a little while that brave display of the midnight heavens. It was gone, but it had been ; nor shall I ever again behold the stars with the same mind. He who has seen the sea commoved with a great hurricane, thinks of it very differently from him who had seen it only in a calm. And the difference between a calm and a hurricane is not greatly more striking than that between the ordinary face of night and the splendour that shone upon us in that drive. Two in our waggon knew night as she shines upon the tropics, but even that bore no comparison. The nameless colour of the sky, the hues of the starfire, and the incredible projection of the stars themselves, starting from their orbits, so that the eye seemed to distinguish their positions in the hollow of space—these were things that we had never seen before and shall never see again.

R. L. STEVENSON, *Silverado Squatters*.

By kind permission of Messrs. Chatto & Windus

‘ BRIGHT STAR ’

BRIGHT star, would I were steadfast as thou art !
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round Earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the soft, new-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.

JOHN KEATS.

eremite] hermit.

Southern Cross only on the night of the 4th July, in the sixteenth degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared from time to time between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silvery light. If a traveller may be permitted to speak of his personal emotions, I shall add, that on that night I experienced the realisation of one of the dreams of my early youth. . . .

The pleasure we felt on discovering the Southern Cross was warmly shared by those of the crew who had visited the Colonies. In the solitude of the seas we hail a star as a friend from whom we have long been separated. The Portuguese and the Spaniards are peculiarly susceptible of this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the New World.

The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the Cross having nearly the same ascension, it follows that the constellation is almost perpendicular at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to the people of every nation situated beyond the tropics or in the southern hemisphere. It has been observed at what hour of the night the Cross is erect or inclined. It is a timepiece which advances very regularly nearly four minutes a day, and no other group of stars affords to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim in savannahs of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the Cross begins to bend!'

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT,
Personal Narrative of Travels.

one do, or shall we adopt some middle course? And again a little farther along the row we find the note 360, which is nowhere near F or G; and we learn why it has been necessary to put in a new note called F sharp which is played on the piano by a black key. There is a new note of frequency 432 which is nearly the same as A, and also a note of 540 which is about half-way between C and D and the origin of another of the black keys on the piano.

We are therefore in trouble the moment we try to provide the notes required for any large number of different keys. Several solutions of the difficulties have been proposed, which are based on the plan of providing new notes in the worst cases, and putting up with those we can manage to endure. For example, we might have decided that we could not afford room for two strings or pipes of frequencies 320 and 324 respectively, and have contented ourselves with one of frequency 322, which would have to do duty for both the others. But we should be compelled to provide new notes at 360 and 540, because it would really be impossible to make one or other of the old notes do instead.

But the particular compromise would be unsatisfactory, because we have not only the keys of C and D to consider, but many others as well. The general solution which is now adopted is a very drastic one; it amounts to supplying five new notes, the black keys in addition to the white, and so tuning all the notes that we can play equally well—or, we might say, equally badly—in all the keys. There are twelve intervals in the octave, C to C sharp, C sharp to D, D to D sharp, D sharp to E, E to F, and so on; and all are equal. The correct intervals, with the exception of the octave, do not exist on a piano or organ as it is tuned to-day. But the

inaccuracies are not large and the ear has grown accustomed to them.

It is here that the singer or the violin player has such an advantage, seeing that he has power to produce a note of any frequency whatever—he gets this power in return for the labour of hard practice, for his courage in running the dangers of going out of tune, and his skill in avoiding them. Other instruments, like the flute, are provided with keys which take most of the responsibility from the performer, but leave some power of adjustment. The flute-player can modify his pitch by altering the way in which he blows across the mouthpiece.

But although this is the modern way of getting over the arithmetical difficulties, it is far from being the only one. A hundred years ago, with the same number of keys as at present, five black and eight white in the octave, the tuning was so carried out that a certain number of keys were nearly correct. The rest were left to take care of themselves—‘wolves’ they were called, because they howled so badly.

SIR WILLIAM BRAGG *The World of Sound*

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THE PROPAGATION OF SOUND

I must now describe the propagation of sound through the atmosphere. The motion of a mass of air through which a tone passes belongs to the so-called wave-motions, a class of motions of great importance in physics. Light, as well as sound, is one of these motions.

The name is derived from the analogy of the waves on the surface of the water, and these will best illustrate the peculiarity of this description of motion.

When a point in a surface of still water is agitated, as by throwing in a stone, the motion thus caused is propagated in the form of waves, which spread in rings over the surface of the water. The circles of waves continue to increase even after rest has been restored at the point first affected. At the same time the waves become continually lower, the farther they are removed from the centre of motion, and gradually disappear. On each wave-ring we distinguish ridges or crests, and hollows or troughs.

Crest and trough together form a wave, and we measure its length from one crest to the next.

While the wave passes over the surface of the fluid, the particles of water which form it do not move on with it. This is easily seen by floating a chip of straw on the water. When the waves reach the chip, they raise or depress it, but when they have passed over it the position of the chip is not perceptibly changed.

Now a light floating chip has no motion different from that of the adjacent particles of water. Hence we conclude that these particles do not follow the wave, but, after some pitching up and down, remain in their original position. That which really advances as a wave is, consequently, not the particles of water themselves, but only a superficial form which continues to be built up by fresh particles of water. The paths of the separate particles of water are more nearly vertical circles, in which they revolve with a tolerably uniform velocity, as long as the waves pass over them. . . .

To return from waves of water to waves of sound. Imagine an elastic fluid like air to replace the water, and the waves of this replaced water to be compressed by an inflexible plate laid on their surface, the fluid being

masthead. The little curls of water with short lengths of wave correspond to high tones, the giant ocean billows to deep tones. . . .

You perceive that the pitch of the tone corresponds to the length of the wave. To this we should add that the height of the ridges, or, transferred to air, the degree of alternate condensation and rarefaction, corresponds to the loudness and intensity of the tone. But waves of the same height may have different forms. The crest of the ridge, for example, may be rounded off or pointed. Corresponding varieties also occur in waves of sound of the same pitch and loudness. The so-called *timbre* or quality of tone is what corresponds to the form of the waves of water. . . .

Finally, I would direct your attention to an instructive spectacle which I have never been able to view without a certain degree of physico-scientific delight, because it displays to the bodily eye, on the surface of the water, what otherwise could only be recognized by the mind's eye of the mathematical thinker in a mass of air traversed in all directions by waves of sound. I allude to the composition of many different systems of waves, as they pass over one another, each undisturbedly pursuing its own path. We can watch it from the parapet of any bridge spanning a river, but it is most complete and sublime when viewed from a cliff beside the sea. It is then rare not to see innumerable systems of waves, of various lengths, propagated in various directions. The longest come from the deep sea and dash against the shore. Where the boiling breakers burst shorter waves arise, and run back again towards the sea. Perhaps a bird of prey darting after a fish gives rise to a system of circular waves, which, rocking over the

undulating surface, are propagated with the same regularity as on the mirror of an inland lake. And thus, from the distant horizon, where white lines of foam on the steel-blue surface betray the coming trains of wave, down to the sand beneath our feet, where the impression of their arcs remain, there is unfolded before our eyes a sublime image of immeasurable power and unceasing variety, which, as the eye at once recognizes its prevailing order and laws, enchains and exalts without confusing the mind.

Now, just in the same way you must conceive the air of a concert-hall or ball room traversed in every direction, and not merely on the surface, by a variegated crowd of intersecting wave-systems. From the mouths of the male singers proceed waves of 6 to 12 ft. in length, from the lips of the songstresses dart shorter waves, from 18 to 36 in. long. The rustling of silken skirts excites little curls in the air, each instrument in the orchestra emits its peculiar waves, and all these systems expand spherically from their respective centres, dart through each other, are reflected from the walls of the room, and thus rush backwards and forwards, until they succumb to the force of newly generated tones.

II. I. F. VON HELMHOLTZ, *Popular Scientific Lectures*, Vol. I.

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THE ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA

WE have next to discuss the speed with which this air-compression is propagated through the air. Every one knows that it is not instantaneous. We see the flash of a gun at a distance, and a second or so afterwards we

hear the bang. We notice that the thunder is heard often long after the lightning flash is seen. It would take too long to describe the experiments which have been made to determine precisely the speed of sound waves. Suffice it to say that all the best experiments show that the velocity of a sound wave in air, at the temperature of melting ice, or at $0^{\circ}\text{C.} = 32^{\circ}\text{Fahr.}$, is very nearly 1087 feet per second, or 33,136 centimetres per second. This is equivalent to 741 miles per hour, or more than ten times the speed of an express train. At this rate a sound wave would take 4 hours to cross the Atlantic Ocean, 16 hours to go half round the world or to the antipodes, and some 2 minutes to cross from Dover to Calais.

An opportunity of observing this speed of sound waves on a gigantic scale occurred about twenty years ago on the occasion of a great volcanic eruption near Java. If you open the map of Asia and look for Java and Sumatra in the Asiatic Archipelago, you will easily find the Sunda Strait, and on a good map you will see a small island called Krakatoa. This island possesses, or rather did possess, a volcano which, until the year 1883, had not been known to be in eruption. In that year, however, it again burst into activity, and after preliminary warnings a final stupendous outburst occurred on August 27, 1883. The roar of this volcanic explosion was probably the loudest noise ever heard upon this earth. The pent-up volcanic gases and vapours burst forth from some subterranean prison with such appalling power that they created an air wave which not only encircled the earth, but reverberated to and fro seven times before it finally faded away.

The zone of compressed air forming the mighty air

HEAT A MODE OF MOTION

[Benjamin Thompson, an American by birth, took service about 1783 with the Elector of Bavaria, who made him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, with the title of Count Rumford.]

WHILE superintending the boring of cannon in the foundry he had built at Munich, his attention was attracted by the great amount of heat generated during the process of boring, the chips shaved off having 'an intensity of heat exceeding that of boiling water'; and it occurred to him that further experiments on these lines might settle the age-long dispute as to 'the existence or non-existence of an igneous fluid.' The scientists of his day held that heat is an imponderable fluid, caloric, which flows from a body at a higher temperature to one at a lower, much as water flows from a place of higher to a place of lower level. They also spoke of substances having different capacities for heat, using the expression in much the same sense as we do to-day.

Now Lavoisier, it will be remembered, had already established the fact of the conservation of matter, and therefore, Rumford reasoned, if heat is a fluid, it can neither be created nor destroyed; consequently, either the same amount of heat must be present in the hot chips and cannon as in the unbored metal or else heat must have reached the cannon from outside. Having thus put the case clearly to himself, Rumford proceeded to arrange a series of experiments.

Now, if no heat has reached the cannon from outside, the rise in temperature of the chips must be due to the fact that gun-metal in chips has a smaller capacity for

he] i.e. Count Rumford.

result was even more striking than before, for in two and a half hours the water boiled !

‘It would be difficult,’ wrote Rumford, ‘to describe the surprise and astonishment expressed in the countenances of the bystanders on seeing so large a quantity of cold water heated and actually made to boil without any fire. I acknowledge fairly that it afforded me a degree of childish pleasure which, were I ambitious of the reputation of a *grave philosopher*, I ought most certainly to hide rather than discover.’

The heat produced in these experiments was not furnished by the chips nor by the outside air, nor, when the apparatus was under water, by the water, for the water was itself heated and could not be both giving and receiving heat at the same time. Yet, as long as the friction continued, the heat was ‘given off in a constant stream, in all directions, without diminution or exhaustion.’ Whence did it come ? If heat is a form of matter, it must have come from the apparatus or from outside. It came from neither. What, then, is heat ? Rumford pondered these questions and gave his conclusions in a paper read before the Royal Society in January 1798 :

‘Anything which any insulated body or system of bodies can continue to furnish without limitation cannot possibly be a *material substance* ; and it appears to me to be extremely difficult, if not quite impossible, to form any distinct idea of anything capable of being excited and communicated in the manner the Heat was excited and communicated in these Experiments, except it be MOTION.’

Shortly after the publication of this paper, Davy melted two pieces of ice by rubbing them together, and

covered closely with paper : I hold its centre, thus, over the lamp, turning it so that the flame shall play all round the cylinder : you see a well-defined black mark, on one side of which the paper is charred, on the other side not. The cylinder is half brass and half wood, and this black mark shows their line of junction : where the paper covers the wood, it is charred ; where it covers the brass, it is not sensibly affected.

If the entire moving force of a common rifle bullet were communicated to a heavy cannon-ball, it would produce in the latter a very small amount of motion. Supposing the rifle bullet to weigh two ounces, and to have a velocity of 1,600 feet a second, the moving force of this bullet, communicated to a 100 lb. cannon-ball, would impart to the latter a velocity of only 2 feet a second. Thus with regard to a

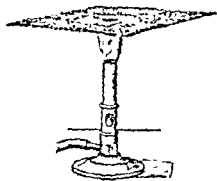


FIG. 1

flame ; its molecular motion is very intense, but its weight is extremely small, and if communicated to a heavy body, the intensity of the motion must fall. For example, I have here a sheet of wire gauze, with meshes wide enough to allow air to pass through them with the utmost freedom ; and here is a jet of gas, burning brilliantly. I bring down the wire gauze upon the flame ; you would imagine, that the flame could readily pass through the meshes of the gauze : but no, not a flicker gets through (Fig. 1). The combustion is entirely confined to the space under the gauze. I extinguish the flame, and allow the unignited gas to stream from the burner. I place the wire gauze, thus, above the burner : the gas, I know, is now freely passing through the meshes. I ignite the gas above ;

produced. The original gas is the miner's 'fire-damp,' the carbonic acid is his 'choke-damp.' Sir Humphry Davy, after having assured himself of the action of wire gauze, which I have just exhibited before you, applied it to the construction of a lamp, which should enable the miner to carry his light into an explosive atmosphere. Previous to the introduction of the *safety-lamp*, the miner had to content himself with the light from sparks produced by the collision of flint and steel, for these sparks were found incompetent to ignite the fire-damp.

Davy surrounded a common oil lamp by a cylinder of wire gauze (Fig. 3). So long as this lamp is fed by pure air, the flame burns with the ordinary brightness of an oil-flame; but when the miner comes into an atmosphere containing 'fire-damp,' his flame enlarges, and becomes less luminous; instead of being fed by the pure oxygen of the air, it is now, in part, surrounded by inflammable gas.

This enlargement of the flame he ought to take as a warning to retire. Still, though a continuous explosive atmosphere may extend from the air outside, through the meshes of the gauze, to the flame within, ignition is not propagated across the gauze. The lamp may be filled with an almost lightless flame; still, explosion does not occur. A defect in the gauze, the destruction of the wire at any point by oxidation, hastened by the flame playing

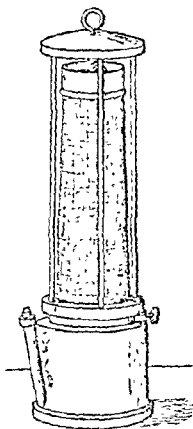


FIG. 3

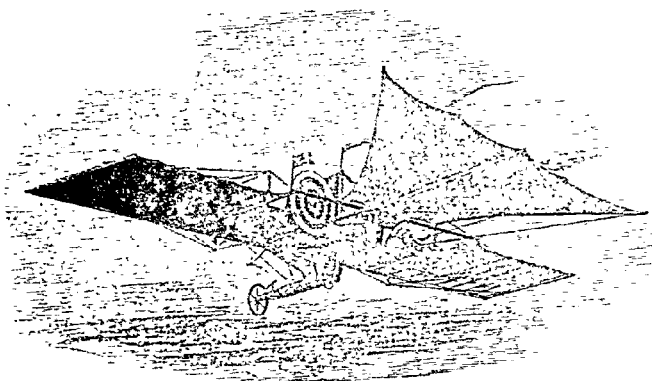
against it, would cause explosion. The motion of the lamp through the air might also force, mechanically, the flame through the meshes. In short, a certain amount of intelligence and caution is necessary, in using the lamp. This intelligence, unhappily, is not always possessed, nor this caution always exercised, by the miner, and the consequence is, that, even with the safety-lamp, explosions still occur.

JOHN TYNDALL, *Heat as a Mode of Motion.*

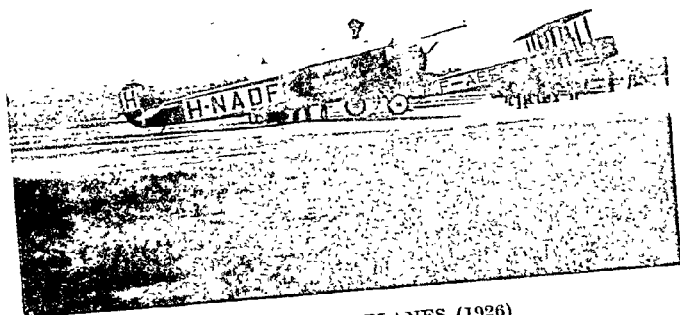
WHY AEROPLANES FLY

LET us imagine our world exactly as it is, but bereft of every form of flying creature. Into this singularly unattractive world the thought of flight could hardly have entered. Its inhabitants would all know about the action of gravity, they would know that if they fell from a height they would be drawn relentlessly downwards through the yielding air, how could they conceive that any body heavier than air could possibly be kept afloat in the atmosphere, except, perhaps, by such means as a balloon?

And yet man is marvellously ingenious, and has worked out for himself more difficult problems even than this. Perhaps a philosopher of this birdless world watching the dead leaves whirled aloft by the autumn breeze, a yachtsman with carefully set sheet close-hauled, a miller contemplating his revolving sails, a rueful motorist in a swiftly moving car whose hat has just been carried high aloft from his head, all or any of these might have guessed the secret. Or if not, then surely it must have occurred to some Isaac Newton watching his little son



HENSON'S AERIAL STEAM-CARRIAGE (1842)



MODERN AEROPLANES (1926)

fly a kite—an object heavier than air, and yet capable of rising and sustaining itself above the earth

Yielding and attenuated as it is, there is a power of resistance in the air with which we are all familiar. We feel it on a windy day when we stand still and the wind blows upon us. We feel it on a still day when we rush rapidly through the air in a motor-car, and the wind we feel is the wind of our own motion. On these and other countless familiar occasions this air resistance is exerted horizontally, but with a suitable contrivance it can be employed to exert an upward force, and here lies the secret that birds and insects, and millions of years later man himself, has discovered, the secret of flight.

The condition under which the resistance of the air can be made to afford its greatest upward lift is when a light flat (or nearly flat) surface set at a small angle is driven rapidly forward. Newton himself first formulated the law that the pressure exerted by a fluid (and air is as much a fluid as water) is 'normal'—that is, at right angles—to the surface. Make a little picture in your mind, or on paper if it suits you better, of an upright plane with the pressure of a fluid (in this case the force of the wind) acting upon it. Obviously, as Newton said, it will tend to move forward in a direction at right angles to itself—that is horizontally. But supposing the plane is not upright but at an angle to the wind that blows upon it, then according to our law it will still tend to move forward in a direction at right angles to itself, which means that it will rise or try to rise, at an angle into the air. This is the great principle of the inclined plane, the fundamental principle that raises every bird and insect and kite and aeroplane from the ground.

Kites have been flown from time immemorial, electric

driven models were introduced by Penaud fifty years ago, aeroplanes are the invention of to-day, but the fundamental principle is the same in all these : the light supporting surface set at an angle against the force of the wind. Only whereas in the kite it is the wind of heaven that supports the plane, and the pull of the string that keeps it at the right angle, in the power-driven machine it is construction and human skill that maintain the angle against the self-made wind of the swift onward motion.

GERTRUDE BACON. *All about Flying.*

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